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SOME THINGS CANNOT BE.

BY WM. W. LONG.

There are some things hard to bear—
Have pity, God, for a dream that is vain;
Oh, love! my love of the sinless face,
We must laugh and wear Fate's chain—
Some things cannot be.

Between us stands a statue stern,
That shows us all life misses;
Whose lips have never felt the touch
Of Love's supreme warm kisses—
Some things cannot be.

But you have left upon my heart
The signet of a great Regret;
And I upon your stainless soul,
In Faith, a name forever set—
Some things cannot be.

The world is wide for me, you say.
True, my darling—far too wide:
I'll walk it hand-in-hand with Misery,
Making no sign—Love's sinless bride—
Some things cannot be.

A GOLDEN PRIZE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE scene is Sandford-on-the-Sea, the month, October; the hour, five o'clock in the afternoon.

Sandford is not a fashionable watering place; it consists of a few straggling houses, a church, to which everybody goes on Sunday, and a hotel which is as deserted as Goldsmith's Village.

An enterprising gentleman, blessed with a sanguine nature, had once endeavored to make something of Sandford, and had built a pier, and constructed a parade, in the hope that the London visitor would, attracted by the beauty of the scenery, the big hotel, and the parade and pier, come down in shoals, and make Sandford "a second Brighton"; but the sea washed away the parade and pier, and the Londoners declined to take the six hours' journey which had to be gone through before Sandford could be reached.

At present, the houses were inhabited by quite a little colony of retired and half-pay officers, who considered Sandford their own special property and regarded a stranger just as people in an omnibus or railway car regard the passengers who have the effrontery to get in after them.

They were poor—most of them—but proud; proud of their good birth and titled connections, proud of never having touched that dreadful thing Trade, and prouder than all of being officers in Her Majesty's service.

To belong to the army or navy was in their eyes to be one of the social elect, above suspicion, the equal of anyone, and as much above shopkeepers, and artists, authors, "and that kind of people, you know," as porcelain is above common delf. Wasn't it Sydney Smith who remarked that there would have to be a special heaven for naval and military Christians?

Five o'clock on an October afternoon was not the best time to see Sandford, for the men were playing billiards at the club, and the ladies were sitting over the fire at afternoon tea; but a few minutes after the church clock had struck, a young man sauntered down the steep hill in front of the hotel, and, stopping short, looked round him with the evident air of a stranger.

It was not a bad kind of day for October, and it was anything but a bad view; the bay is a grand and open one, the cliffs to right and left of it are high and picturesque, and there was just enough sun to light up the green waves as they rolled in, and the greener grass of the meadows, common-meadows, which lay behind the beach.

The young man looked at it all for a minute or two, then nodded approvingly.

"Pretty, rather. I've seen worse places than this. But I could afford a great deal more admiration if I wasn't so confoundedly hungry."

Then he looked up at the hotel and mechanically turned over two or three coins which reposed in the bottom of his trousers' pocket.

"Hem! I wonder whether it would run to a dinner? I'm afraid not. Looks just the kind of place where they feed you on electro-plated salvers and cruets, and charge you almost their weight in real silver. And yet I'm confoundedly hungry. I've a great mind to try it."

He mused for a minute or two, then shook his head.

"No; won't do. I must see if there isn't something less high and mighty than this barrack of a place," and, plunging his hands into the pockets of his thick coat, he walked on.

A stranger is so rare an animal in Sandford that one or two people he met turned to look after him, and there was something about the young fellow which attracted their attention over and above his being a stranger.

In the first place he was tall and splendidly made, and although his clothes were old and worn, he had the unmistakable look of a gentleman.

He was young—eight-and-twenty—and handsome into the bargain, with a refined-looking face and dark brown eyes; but there was a look about both face and eyes which seemed to indicate that a portion of the eight-and-twenty years had been "lived hard." There were one or two lines which one does not always see in youth, and there was an expression of mingled sadness and recklessness in the eyes which suggested that life had not been altogether beer and skittles to their owner. He looked rather older than his years in consequence of a beard and hair worn longer than is the fashion.

That he was in splendid health and of great strength could be seen by the swing of his well-shaped limbs, the brightness of his glance, and that peculiar air of self-reliance and consciousness of power which the strong man carries about with him.

He made his way along what ought to have been the parade, for a time, but getting rather tired of the sea, turned up into the principal road and began examining the shops. Presently he came to a baker's. There was a most entrancing smell of hot bread and cakes, and with a half smile he stood and surveyed the contents of the window critically.

"Now, I wonder," he said to himself, "which would be considered the most filling at the price—half a quarter loaf, six buns, or a couple of slices of pound cake; or, perhaps, three sausage rolls? George, it's worth being hungry to get such an appetite as this!" and with a short laugh at the joke, he took a step to the door.

As he did so, a woman with two children clinging to her dress came dragging up to the window and stopped, as he had done. They were shockingly poorly clothed, and if they were not hungry, the look which they bestowed upon the contents of the window was a mockery and a snare.

Neither the woman nor the children said a word, but after staring for a minute with wistful eyes, she caught hold of a hand of each and drew them gently away. Then one of the children, a girl, began to whimper; but without a word. The young man looked after them for a moment, then he followed and laid his hand on the child's shoulder.

"Hallo!" he said cheerfully, and with that peculiar smile which children understand so well. "Would you like a bun, little 'un? You would, eh?" for both the children's faces flushed, and their eyes shone with the wild hope that sprang up in their hungry little bosoms. "Come on, then! You'd better come, too, and see they don't eat too much," he added to the woman pleasantly.

The poor creature hung back a moment, murmuring something, but the young fellow took hold of the girl's hand, and led her back to the shop, the others following.

"Just give my young friends a—a—oh, we'll help ourselves, miss," he said to the young lady behind the counter, who stared at the quartette in anything but an inviting fashion. "Here, try some of these, they look good; anyway, they'll do to start on!" and he leant over the window barrier and heaped up a plate with buns and tarts. "Better try one yourself, ma'am," he said, and thrust a plate full into the woman's hand.

Then he went to the end of the shop, and became apparently deeply absorbed in a colored showcard recommending somebody's "two-shilling tea."

The woman and children ate ravenously: twice he filled up the plates; then, when it became evident that, for the present, the giant Hunger was conquered, he took up a quartern loaf, and slipping it under the woman's shawl, playfully bundled them out of the door, cutting short their poor attempts to express their gratitude with a curt laugh and an assurance that they were quite welcome.

"I'm fond of children, and I'm fond of tarts, and it's a pity they should ever be separated; don't you mention it, ma'am, and—good-afternoon."

Then he turned to the young lady and asked the important question:

"How much is it?"

She went through the fearful reckoning, "two of these, and four of that, and six buns, and a scotchbread, and a quartern loaf," and declared the total.

The young fellow pulled out his money and laid it on the counter. The change—exactly fivepence—represented the whole of his wealth.

He looked at it with a queer smile, then taking up a roll, laid down a penny and sauntered out. Watching three starved persons eat had not made him any the less hungry, but as he did not care to devour a penny roll in the high street of Sandford, he put it in his pocket and walked out, away from the sea and along a lane leading inland.

There were some pretty little houses, too large for cottages, not large enough for villas; and the lights from the windows seemed to the young fellow to make the October chilliness all the more complete; he made haste to get away from them, and not until he had reached a corner of the lane did he take the roll out of his coat pocket.

"I may as well have it comfortably," he said. "There will be no charge for a seat, I suppose," and with a laugh he sat down under a tree and commenced to eat his—dinner!

It was all very quiet; although not yet dark the birds had gone to bed, and excepting the tinkling of a piano in one of the houses he had passed, there was absolutely no sound.

He finished the roll—all too quickly—and mechanically drew out a pipe; but he did not fill it, and with a sigh he put it back again: he was out of tobacco.

Probably this depressed him more than his scanty meal, for he stopped the whistle which he had commenced, and leaning his head upon his hand sat silently contemplating the last rays of the slowly setting sun.

Presently a footstep, a light but firm one, broke the stillness; but the young fellow was so lost in thought that he did not hear it, and it was not until a young girl came almost up to him that he started and looked up.

It was so sudden and unexpected an interruption to his thoughts, and the girl herself had so beautiful a face, and was altogether such a graceful specimen of nature's handiwork, that he was guilty of staring at her; and it was rather for the sake of saying something that should explain away his rudeness than because he wanted the information, that, rising, he said:

"Can you tell me how far Thirle is from here?"

The girl stopped and looked at him, at first with a faint suggestion of fear—it was growing dark, and the lane was a lonely one—but something in his voice reassured her, and with an accent that had a touch of pity in it, for he was as pale under his tan as a man who had only eaten a penny roll during the last twenty-four hours might well be, she said:

"Thirle? It is three miles from here."

"Thank you," he said, and he just lifted his hat.

She may have mistaken the gesture for the familiar one of the professional tramp; but, anyway, after a second's pause, she took a shilling from the purse in her hand, and held it out to him.

The young fellow did not start, nor color, but he looked at her for a moment, a look straight into her eyes, then, holding out his hand, he said:

"Thank you!"

It was she who colored, but she let the shilling drop into his hand, and, without a word, passed on.

The young fellow stood with the coin lying in his open palm; but his eyes were fixed on the retreating figure.

"She took me for a tramp!" he murmured, and he caught his lip between his teeth. "A tramp! Great Heavens!—a tramp!"

Then he looked at the shilling, and, with a faint smile, shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, and what else am I? Desmond, my boy, don't let your pride make an idiot of you! You were going to be mean enough to run after her and give it her back. Oh, yes; you were; don't deny it now. And just to save your miserable pride, you'd wound that beautiful creature's feelings. But you don't do it, my friend. You'll put your pride in your pocket—and the shilling; that is what you'll do!" and he suited the action to the word. "By George! what luck! But for that angel I should have had to spend the night in some loft, or on the tramp! But I'll get a bed in one of the little inns now! And I'll dream of her!"

The inspiration seemed to cheer him, for his handsome face brightened, and looked five years younger.

"Three miles to Thirle, she said. What a beautiful voice! By Jove! I can hear her now. A lady's voice, just the thoroughbred clearness and accent! What a time it is since I've heard one! Three miles! I'm tired, confoundedly tired! There must be some small inn in this place, I should think, as well as that gingerbread hotel. Shall I go back and hunt for one, or walk on? My angel's shilling shall decide it!"

He took the shilling from his pocket and looked at it, almost as if it were something more than a coin.

"Heads, I go back; tails, I go on!" he said, as he spun it in the air. "Heads!"

he exclaimed, laughing. "I go back?"

But I think if he had known the importance of the question the shilling had decided for him, that laugh would have been left out!

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE, the girl who had bestowed her shilling on what she took to be a tramp, had passed up the lane and into the best of the small houses. Though quite a miniature place, it evidently belonged to a person of means, for the furniture was new and good, and the decorations were costly and in excellent taste.

Opening the door of a small smoking-room, she looked in and said, in the musical voice which had so impressed the young fellow:

"Are you there, papa?"

A small and dapper little gentleman, who was seated at a table looking over some papers, looked up with a start and nodded.

"I'm here, Kate," he replied. "What is it? You came in so suddenly that you startled me."

"I'm very sorry," said the girl. "But the Warners have asked me to dine with them this evening, quite in a friendly way, and as you are going to dine at the club——"

Major Meddon looked up sharply with a quick suspicious look in his eyes.

"Er—how did you know that?" he asked.

"Lord Carr-Lyon, papa. I met him on the parade," and the musical voice grew a shade colder.

The major's glance softened, and he stroked his white moustache with his equally white hands in meditation, and also—if the expression is permissible respecting so great a being as a major—in a peculiarly cunning way.

"Oh, you met Lord Carr-Lyon, did you, Kitty? Hem! And he told you we were going to dine together at the club to-night? Ah, well, I hadn't quite made up my mind, but if he thinks I am going, I'd better go, I suppose."

"I will get out your dress things, papa," said Kitty, and she was closing the door, but he stopped her.

"Wait a minute! Was—er—was Lord Carr-Lyon pleasant, Kitty?"

A cloud seemed to fall upon the beautiful face, or was it only the shadow from the lamp, which the major had just lit?

"Pleasant, papa? Oh, yes! Why should he not be?"

"Oh, for no reason, certainly not!" assented the major hastily, a little too hastily, indeed. "Oh, no; I didn't mean to insinuate that he would be likely to be unpleasant, but—did he stop long with you?"

"I met him on the parade, and only exchanged a few words with him! It was rather chilly this afternoon."

"Yes, yes, of course! Wonderfully nice fellow, Carr-Lyon," murmured the major, apparently to the lamp, for though he shot a glance at his daughter's face for an instant, he stared for the rest of the time at the lamp. "Such a—a good-tempered young fellow! Not a bit of side, you know; not a suggestion of it——"

"Why should Lord Carr-Lyon 'put on side,' as you call it, papa?" she asked quietly.

The major shot another glance at her, and stroked his moustache again.

"Why, indeed, as you say; but, my dear Kitty, men of title often do 'put on side,' especially when, like Carr-Lyon, they have come into it lately. No, he is really a very nice fellow, ve—ry nice! Rich, too! Did I ever tell you what his rent-roll is, Kitty?"

"If you have, I have forgotten," she replied.

"Ah! well I should think it must be five-and-twenty thousand a year—more, perhaps! Certainly that! Large income, isn't it?"

"Very large," she assented. "Papa, that lamp is smoking," and she crossed to the table to turn it down.

The major sprang forward and did it himself with his right hand, and, at the same time, with his hand, turned face downwards a letter that was lying open on the table.

"Nuisance these lamps are! Yes, Carr-Lyon is immensely rich, and he will be a great acquisition to Sandford. Do you know that he has decided to buy Lydcote?"

"He said something about it," said Kitty. "I did not hear him very distinctly for we were standing near the sea, and the tide was coming in, and—" she paused, then added with a smile,—"and Lord Carr-Lyon stammered rather more than usual."

The major's small eyes glittered rather angrily.

"Stammered? He doesn't stammer. Pray don't exaggerate, my dear Kitty. It's—it's the very slightest impediment."

The girl said nothing, but began taking off her gloves.

"Then I may go to Warner's, papa?" she said.

"Eh, oh; yes, yes!" he replied. "By the way, I shall ask Lord Carr-Lyon to dine with us one day this week."

"To dine—here!" she exclaimed, with mild astonishment.

"Yes, here. Why not?" he demanded.

She was silent for a moment.

"I didn't think we could give Lord Carr-Lyon a sufficiently good dinner."

"Oh, nonsense!" he retorted. "He is too amiable to care what he gets to eat. Just a soup, and a bit of fish, and a fowl; we can manage that."

"Mary will do her best," was the quick response.

"Oh, Mary; yes, yes," he replied. "But I expect it will depend upon you—upon us—rather than Mary whether Lord Carr-Lyon spends a pleasant evening, eh?" and he smiled significantly.

A faint flush tinted the girl's clear face.

"We will do our best to make it pleasant for him, papa," she answered.

"All right then, that's settled," said the major. "So you are going to the Warners, eh?"

"Yes, I think I'll take Jane as far as the gate with me to-night," she said, as she went out. "I saw a tramp—" the next moment, as she spoke indeed, she felt sorry and in some way ashamed of the remark—"but he was a very honest one, I am sure," she added.

"Honest, nonsense! They are all thieves, the pack of them," said the major sharply. "Tell the girls to take care to lock and bolt all the doors to-night, or we shall have your honest tramp walking off with the plate."

Then she closed the door, Major Meddon took up the note he had turned over, and read it again. This was the epistle:—

"DEAR MAJOR,—I want to remind you about our agreement. I am willing, but Miss Kitty seems rather stand-offish. Perhaps you can put the screw on; you are generally good at that you know. You'd better dine with me at the Club to-night.

CARR-LYON."

"'Put the screw on!' Curse his impudence! But he's right. If Kitty doesn't hate him already, she's going on that way. 'Put the screw on!'—the fool!—as if that wouldn't settle him with her once for all! No, my dear Carr-Lyon; Kitty will have to be led—and gently, too; there's no driving her."

Then he carefully put the note in his pocketbook, and went upstairs to dress.

Major Meddon was perhaps the best known man in Sandford. He had come to the place some ten years ago, bringing with him his only child, Kate—or Kitty, as those who knew her loved to call her.

Of the major's past career there did not seem to be any clear record. That he had left the army at an early age was known, of course; but of the manner in which he had spent the years of his retirement until he had come to Sandford there was a conconsus of ignorance.

Once or twice the major had dropped a word or two—over his third glass of whisky, perhaps—about America, and once referred to Nevada; but these were apparently mere slips of the tongue, for the major never referred to them when the whisky was absent, and when they were mentioned by others, did not claim any acquaintance with them.

That he was poor when he came to Sandford was evident; but lately—quite lately—his finances must have looked up, for the Lodge, as the cottage was called, had been decorated and newly furnished; the major, who had in the old times been rather seedy in his attire, came out in new clothes, and—more convincing proof of flush times!—the long-suffering tailor and wine merchant had their bills settled.

But the major was rather reserved about this sudden accession of wealth, and in answer to a jocular inquiry by a friend at the club, had muttered something about "A relative dying." It was, therefore, concluded that the major had come in for a nice little fortune.

As a matter-of-fact, just at this time Sandford was too much interested in the affairs of Lord Carr-Lyon to pay much attention to the major's altered circumstances.

Generals, colonels, majors, and captains were so plentiful in Sandford that the local wit declared you couldn't throw a stone in any direction without hitting an officer of one rank or other, but it had never until now had an earl in its midst; and not only an earl, but a young, unmarried one, with a rent-roll of five-and-twenty thousand a year, two or three country seats, and a house in Grosvenor Square.

It was true that Lord Carr-Lyon looked like a fool, and hadn't much to say for himself, but he was a real live earl, and when it was announced that he had bought Lydcote, which was the one great place in the neighborhood, Sandford nearly went off its head.

All the colonels and generals invited him to dinner, all the mothers with marriageable daughters smiled upon him, and called him "Dear Lord Carr-Lyon," and the girls themselves talked and thought of nothing else—all excepting Kitty Meddon, the daughter of his lordship's most intimate friend; and she thought of him just as little as she could help!

Even now, as she changed her plain morning dress of blue serge for the equally plain merino, Kitty managed to discard Lord Carr-Lyon from her thoughts, and instantly flew to the shabbily-dressed young fellow who had asked her the way to Thirle, and to whom she had given one of her not too numerous shillings.

It was not because of her good looks that he haunted her, for she had not seen his face very plainly; but something in his manner, the tone of his voice, the steady gaze of his dark eyes as he held out his hand for the money, had made an impression which very much to her astonishment, and a little to her annoyance, remained with her even now.

"Poor fellow, how tired and pale he looked! I wonder whether he was hungry. I think he must have been, and yet he did not seem too ready to take the money. I wish I hadn't told papa about him. A man need not be a rogue even though he is a tramp. Will he go to Thirle, I wonder? Three miles, I said; it is more than three miles. A long way when one is tired and hungry. I wish I had given him half-a-crown! What is the use of a shilling?"

All the time she was brushing the long tresses of soft brown hair, which fell in a silken shower over her white shoulders, she was thinking of that grave "Thank you!" and it was not the reflection of her own lovely face she saw in the glass, but that of the pale face and dark, sad eyes of the young fellow as they looked straight into hers.

She was dressed long before the major had completed his elaborate toilet, and as she ran down the stairs she called to him in a quieter tone than usual:

"I am going, papa!"

"Very well," he said. "You need not sit up, I shall take the key. Give your kind regards to Carr-Lyon, I suppose, eh?"

"Oh, certainly!" she replied indifferently, and then the door closed behind her and Jane.

Half-an-hour afterwards the major, beautifully dressed in his new evening suit, with a diamond stud—small, but of first water—in his white shirt front, entered the hall of the club.

A young man, with a shambling figure, sloping shoulders, a feebly vicious countenance, was lounging against the table, a glass of sherry and bitters in one hand, a huge cigar in the other.

To say he was not a gentleman would be wicked, I suppose, seeing that he was the Earl of Carr-Lyon; but as he lounged there in the hall of the Sandford Club he might, but for the diamond rings on his fingers and the heavy cable chain on his waistcoat, easily have been mistaken for one of the waiters.

"Ah, Carr-Lyon! I hope I haven't kept you waiting; eh?" said the major, with his most amiable smile.

"No," half muttered, half stammered his lordship; "not much fear of your being late for dinner," and he smiled with a would-be knowing air! "Have a sherry and bitters?"

"Thank you, no," said the major. "I've got a liver, I'm sorry to say, and at my time of life——"

"Come in, then, and let's see whether there's anything decent to be had in this beastly place," was the polite interruption, and the two men went into the dining room.

There were one or two men in the room with whom the major exchanged pleasant greetings; but his lordship merely vouchsafed them a half contemptuous nod, and dropped, yawning, into his chair.

For a time the dinner progressed almost in silence, but presently, when the other men had got up, and the major and his lordship had the room to themselves, the major drew his chair a little closer.

"About that note Carr-Lyon?" he said in a low voice.

"The note! Oh, ah, yes!" with an affectation of having forgotten it. "You understood it, of course?"

"Oh, yes, quite; it was pretty plain."

"Yes, I think I can express myself when I want to," said his lordship with insolent vanity. "Look here, you know, Miss Kitty has rather riled me lately."

The major looked round the room, and his cunning eyes grew apprehensive.

"Better not mention names, Carr-Lyon," he said warningly.

"Oh, it's all right; there's nobody here but ourselves," he retorted. "I say she's rather got my back up. I'm not used to being treated in the 'stand-off-it-you-please' kind of fashion she has favored me with lately. What's the meaning of it, eh?" and he reached for the champagne bottle and filled his glass.

"My dear Carr-Lyon, it must be your fancy!" said the major, with a soothing smile.

"Oh, no, it's not," was the sullen retort. "It's nothing of the kind. I tell you I can scarcely get a civil speech out of her. This morning, I met her on the parade, and it was as much as she'd do to stop and shake hands——"

"This morning! Let me see. Ah, yes, of course, I remember. She was on an errand for me, and I'd asked her to be as quick as she could. She's so dutiful and considerate, you know, Carr-Lyon——"

His lordship sneered unpleasantly.

"That won't do, major, you know. I'm not to be taken with that kind of chaff. I should think not! Here, there's no more champagne, let's have some whisky."

The major coughed.

"Rather a bad mixture, isn't it?" he suggested. "Sherry and bitters, champagne, and whisky don't go well together, eh, Carr-Lyon?"

"Oh, if you want another bottle, say so," said his lordship rather sullenly.

"No, no, not for me. I was not thinking of myself."

"Really!" with another sneer. "Then, if it is all the same to you, we'll have whiskey," and he ordered it.

The major, though apparently perfectly free and careless, watched his companion closely. It was evident that the sherry and bitters was not the first drink he had had that day.

"What I want to know is this," said his lordship: "is our little agreement still on, or is it off? I like plain speaking; I hate not knowing what I am about"—here he knocked a glass off the table with his elbow—"and if the arrangement has come to a close—why, say so. I wasn't the party who proposed it in the first instance, you know. It was you who were always saying what a dear, good girl she was, and how nice and comfortable it would make things for you and me if we could arrange a match. Isn't that so, now?"

"You put it with your usual admirable lucidity, my dear Carr-Lyon," said the major with a smile; "and what you say expresses my present feelings to a hair. But, my dear fellow, Kitty is—well rather peculiar; though I say it, she is not an ordinary girl. Then there is a reserve about her which it would be well if all young girls possessed; but you mustn't mistake it for a want of feeling! No, my dear Carr-Lyon; I, her father, who know her well, assure you that she is all feeling; but she is not one to make a display of it—she is not demonstrative——"

"I should say she was not," broke in his lordship moodily. "Look here, major; all this fine talk of yours goes for nothing. What I want to know is, are you going to play straight, and is she going to marry me? You proposed it yourself."

"I did, I did; and I remember you were rather—well, averse to it, until I pointed out that such a marriage would—ahem!—bind us more closely together."

"Yes," said his lordship darkly. "We should be in the same boat then, you said. And it was true; I see it now. You could not very well turn and sell your own son-in-law; eh, major?" and he emitted a feeble laugh.

The major looked around and uttered an audible curse.

"Pray be careful my dear fellow," he said aloud. "What you say—and you put it admirably—expresses my meaning exactly. Not that I admit there is the slightest reason for such a precaution."

"Oh, I am not afraid," broke in his lordship. "I don't think you'll go back upon me in any case, but"—he leaned forward confidentially—"the fact is, major, I'm hard hit! I'll own that I was cool at first, but I hadn't seen her then; now I have, why—well, I'm just the other way, and it's aggravating to be treated as if I were a—a mere nobody."

"Yes, yes," murmured the major soothingly. "Your feeling on the matter does you infinite credit, and I appreciate it, my dear fellow! But we must go slowly, we

must have patience. A young girl—especially a girl like Kitty—is full of whims and fancies, and we must give her time. Leave it to me, my dear boy, and I promise you that it shall come out right. I think I am justified in asking your confidence. I have not abused your trust up to the present, I think?" he added significantly.

His lordship nodded grudgingly.

"No, but it's paid you to act square," he muttered.

"And don't you think it will be to my advantage to have my daughter the Countess of Carr-Lyon?" said the major. "Come, come, my boy, just leave it to me! Now you will, won't you? Shall we go and get a cigar?"

His lordship rose rather unsteadily, and from mere amiability, of course—his friend the major linked his arm in his own, and, if the truth must be told, assisted him to the smoking-room.

An hour later the major saw his lordship into the brougham, which was to take him to the hotel, only five minutes' distant, and putting on his own overcoat, started to walk to the Lodge.

Judging by his face, the major's reflections were not pleasant ones, once he swore to himself, and muttered:

"A fool at the best of times, but a gibbering, brainless idiot when he's in drink! Is it safe?" and he screwed up his cunning little eyes, and gnawed at his moustache with sudden terror; but presently his courage came back, and he pulled himself together and muttered, "Confound him, he's made me as nervous as a child! The thing's safe enough! There's only one man, and he——"

As he spoke, he laid his hand upon the gate, and as he did so someone laid a hand upon his shoulder.

The major started and swung round.

A tall young man, with dark eyes and long hair and a beard, stood before him, but if it had been a ghost, the major could not have turned whiter or trembled more violently.

"Merciful Heaven!" he gasped, as beads of perspiration started upon his forehead. "It's—it's—Desmond!"

"Right the first time, major!" said the young fellow. "Yes, it's I! How do you do?"

CHAPTER III.

"DESMOND!" gasped the major clutching the gate, and looking up at the young man with a wild gaze of horror and dread, his face as white as his shirt front, and his under jaw dropping like that of a man about to have a fit.

The young man looked down at him with a smile that was partly angry, partly contemptuous.

"Quite a surprise, major!" he said, and he laughed a short laugh. "I suppose I am the last person you expected to see?"

"Yes, yes," muttered the major, drawing a breadth between each word. "It—it is a surprise; but I'm very glad to see you, Desmond, I assure you."

"I am sure you are; you look so delighted," responded the young fellow, with a grim smile.

The major gazed up at the handsome face, with its dark eyes and golden-bronze beard, and, still in a sort of stupor, he pulled himself together and held out his hand.

The young man appeared not to notice it, but kept his eyes on the major's pale face, upon which the great beads of prespiration still stood.

"So you are living here, major?" he said.

"Y—es, yes," assented that gallant gentleman. "Yes, for a time, just at present."

"Oh, and here, too, I suppose?" and he glanced at the house.

"Yes," replied the major.

"Well, then, I think we will go in and sit down," said the young man coolly.

"Certainly, certainly. I—I was just going to ask you, my dear Desmond; but the fact of it is, the suddenness of your—your appearance has quite—you understand! Forgive my seeming want of hospitality my dear boy," and he held out his hand again, but Desmond's sight seemed to be bad, for he did not appear to notice it, and, nodding towards the house, said:

"Let us go in, I am cold."

The major opened the gate, and tried to get the key in the door, but his hand shook too much.

"It is cold!" he said with a feeble smile.

"Allow me," remarked the young fellow; with a perfectly steady hand he unlocked the door.

The major led the way into the dining-room; a bright fire was burning in the grate; the room, with its handsome furniture and rich hangings, glowing with increased brilliance in the artistically shaded lamp, looked very cozy and cheerful after the dark streets; and the young fellow leant against the mantel-shelf, with his back to the fire, and looked round with a strange smile, half bitter, half amused.

The major put his hat upon the table and wiped his brow, then he rubbed his hands as if with ecstatic delight.

"My dear boy, you have taken my breath away. But I am delighted to see you. How on earth did you find me out? How did you get my address, eh?"

"I didn't get it," said Desmond quietly. "I had no idea you were here until I happened to see you outside. It was just luck, major!"

"And deuced bad luck, too," thought the major. But he said instead:

"By Jove, just chance, eh? And what are you doing here, my dear boy, staying with friends—at the hotel?" and he shot a glance at the seedy jacket and weather-stained hat.

"No," replied the young fellow. "I have no friends here, and I'm not staying at the hotel. I was merely 'passing through,' as we used to say in Nevada, major!"

The major winced, and dropped his eyes.

"Ah, just on the rampage, eh, Des.; well, you must tell me all about it, er—er——"

"I will," he interrupted quietly.

"Yes, yes!" said the major. "And—er—what will you have, Des?"

"I'll have some supper, thanks," said the young fellow coolly, his eyes still fixed on the major's face, on which anxiety and apprehension shone through the mask of hospitality.

"Supper? Ah, yes; certainly! Ahem! The maids have gone to bed——" his face grew paler.

Had Kitty also gone to bed, or would she come in and find this seedy-looking young man making himself at home in the dining-room?—He glanced at the clock; it was most probable that she had come in and gone to bed; the house was quiet.

"Never mind," said Desmond; "I'll wait upon myself. Just tell me where the larder is," and he made a slight movement.

"No, no! I meant you must excuse a scratch affair. You wait a minute and I'll see what there is. Meanwhile, help yourself, dear boy," and he put some wine on the table before he left the room.

The young man did not help himself, but stood thoughtfully surveying the tastefully arranged room.

Ten minutes elapsed and the major reappeared with a butler's tray.

"There's some cold beef and a game pie, Des. I wish it was something better——"

"Thanks, it will do," he said, and with a smile he watched the major as he spread out the things with a still rather shaky hand.

"Quite like old times isn't it, major?" he remarked.

"Quite, quite!" assented the major with ghastly cheerfulness. "There you are. What is your drink? Beer, whisky, champagne?"

The young fellow nodded, his eyes fixed on the pie.

"Anything; champagne."

Then he sat down and coolly and deliberately attacked the pie; coolly and deliberately, though he had not had anything, saving a roll, since morning.

"Don't mind my smoking?" said the major, lighting a cigar.

"Don't mind your doing anything except eating," was the reply, and the young fellow worked away at the pie steadily.

The major watched him curiously, fearfully, with his cunning eyes half closed.

"More wine, Des?" he said.

The young man looked up for the first time since the meal had commenced, and with a smile shook his head; then he took a cigar from the major's case, and drawing his armchair up to the fire, sank back into it and stretched out his legs to the warmth.

"And now let's have all the news, Des," said the major, pouring out some brandy and water, and taking a chair with an assumption of comfortable geniality. "How long have you been in England?—what are you doing?—where are you going?"

Desmond did not reply for some time, but sat smoking and looking at the fire; then he raised his eyes and looked the major full in the face.

"How long have you been in England?—what are you doing?—where are you going, major?" he inquired, with a smile.

The question appeared to discompose the major considerably.

"I—I've been in England some years, dear boy, some—some years; settled down on my pension, you know."

The young fellow glanced at the richly-furnished room significantly.

"And I've had a—er—a slice of luck in the way of a legacy; not much, not much, Des—a mere trifle; but it has been some help."

The young fellow smiled.

"I see. A legacy. You always were lucky, weren't you, major?"

The major shook his head, his face a trifle paler.

"Always lucky. And I was always the reverse, excepting on one occasion. But you want to know how long I have been in England. Just five weeks. What am I doing?—nothing. Where am I going?—at present—nowhere," and he stretched out his legs to the blaze and smiled again.

The perspiration showed upon the major's forehead again, and he eyed his companion with mingled fear and hate.

"If you remember, major, you and I made a bargain some years ago, and we entered into partnership, if I recollect rightly. It was over at Nevada in the year—what was the year?"

"I—I don't remember," faltered the major; "my memory isn't what it use to be, Des.

"No?" said the young fellow with a smile. "I dare say not. As you seem to have forgotten the interesting epoch, perhaps I'd better recall it——"

"Er—er—don't trouble Des," faltered the major hurriedly.

"It is no trouble," said the young man, "I'm very comfortable, and feel like talking. Get another cigar, that one doesn't burn well," and he glanced at the cigar, which the major, in his nervousness, had permitted to die out.

"Rather more than ten years ago, major, a young man found himself at a place called Trotter's Flat, in Nevada, having made a general mess of it here in England, he had, at the earnest treaty and persuasion of his friends, gone out to make his fortune in the land of silver, and he found himself at Trotter's Flat. The Flat is not the most charming spot in the world, and the people who dwelt there were anything but the most charming either; and the young fellow soon discovered that silver mining was an occupation which appeared to possess especial fascination for the card sharper, the run-away embezzler, and the scum of the earth generally. It was a very nice collection of scamps and scoundrels in Trotter's Flat, major."

"My dear Desmond, why go over all—all of this!" murmured the major in a husky voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOOKING-GLASSES OF OLD.—Mirrors were old-fashioned in the time of Moses, and deemed by him of sufficient importance to be placed in the Ark. Job also mentions them and calls them looking-glasses—a term which is applied to them throughout the sacred text—yet it seems clear that they were made not of glass, but of metal, as were all mirrors for many centuries subsequently.

Brass is spoken of as one of the metals of which they were made, but it is more likely that the best kinds were composed of silver or some other white metal capable of receiving a high polish. Pliny, speaking of the extravagance of the Roman ladies, mentions that their mirrors were of silver, adding, somewhat sarcastically, that often only a thin surface of the precious metal was used, a statement that is borne out by discoveries made during recent excavations.

These ancient mirrors were of small size, and of various and curious shapes. Pliny is also responsible for the statement that mirrors were sometimes formed out of rubies, and mentions one made from an emerald, wherein Nero used to watch the fights in the amphitheatre.

The credit of first making glass mirrors cannot with accuracy be given to anyone in particular. The Sidonians are reported to have invented glass, but even if they attempted—as it is said they did—to manufacture mirrors from it, its inferior quality would not have given so high a reflective power as some of the better kinds of metals; and at whatever period they were first made, it was not until the thirteenth century that they became generally known and much later before they entirely displaced the metal ones.

At first molten lead was poured over the glass to form a reflecting surface, but that method was soon exchanged for a piece of white metal foil fixed at the back, and in the latter part of the fifteenth century an amalgam similar to that now used was substituted.

With improvements in the manufacture of glass came corresponding improvements in mirrors. They were made larger, and with a truer surface, and have now reached a state approaching perfection.

WE are never present with, but always beyond ourselves. Fear, desire, and hope are still pushing us on towards the future.

Bric-a-Brac.

A CHINESE SOLOMON.—Not long since a case was heard in a law court in Shanghae which showed great skill and acuteness on the part of the judge. A man was accused of stealing the table, but denied the charge on the ground that he was so weak that it was impossible for him to carry off the article. The judge listening to the story with a pitying ear, bade the man to go home and get cured. At the same time, as he was so poor, he gave him a bag containg 10,000 *cash* (about $10). The man thankfully placed the bag of coin across his shoulders and left the court. In a few minutes he was again taken up, tried and found guilty, the judge observing that a man who could walk of with a sack of cash (a small brass coin) could easily carry away a little light table.

SNEEZING.—The custom of saying "God bless you!" to one that sneezes, is supposed to have originated about the year 750. There is a tradition that in the time of Gregory the Great the air was filled with a peculiar influence, and whoever happened to sneeze immediately died. The Pontiff promulgated a form of prayer and wish to be said by those who felt compelled to sneeze. According to mythology, the first sign of life made by Prometheus' artificial man was a sneeze. The rabbis give the custom a very ancient date, and, according to their tradition, soon after the creation, God decreed that every living man should sneeze once only, and at that instance his soul should depart from his body. Jacob, however, did not like such a way of leaving this world, and ask God to make an exception in his favor. This was granted, and Jacob sneezed without dying. When the princes of the temporal powers of the world heard of this, they ordered their subjects when sneezing to accompany it with a thanksgiving for the preservation of life, and prayers for its continuance.

THE WEAVER BIRD.—Besides its skill in nest-building, which has given it its popular name, the baya bird of India can be trained to perform some really wonderful tricks. It will pick up a ring or other articles that have been dropped down a well, take a note to a certain spot on a given signal, remove anything light from the forehead of a person indicated to it. Men earn a living by carrying birds about the country and exhibiting their cleverness. Mr. Blyth says if ladies are present at the performance the first thing the baya does is to take a sweetmeat in its bill and, at a gesture from its master, place it between a lady's lip, this pretty courtesy being offered to every lady in turn. The bird can load a tiny cannon, ram the powder home with a toy rod, and then apply a lighted match. It has been seen to apply the match five or six times before the gun would go off, and though the report might be loud enough to disturb the crows of the locality, the baya itself would stand on the cannon quite calm, save for a feeling of glee at its skill. The weaver bird has been known to twirl a small stick, held by the middle, with a ball of fire at each end round its head, making circles of light just as smartly as an expert conjurer.

TO GET MARRIED.—It is the custom in Tirol for a man, when he is engaged to be married to wear a boquet in his hat. A stranger wonders, on seeing so many men with boquets stuck in their hats, why they do not marry, especially as not a few of them are what we call "old bachelors." The explanation is that the village will not allow any person to marry unless he can show that he has laid by a sum of money sufficient to support a family. A lady travelling through Triol, overheard the driver talking to a man at his side on the box, complaining of his occupation. He had worked hard for many years, he said, to marry; but the sum was far below what it must be before the commune would give permission to marry the woman to whom he was engaged. The lady's heart softened towards the poor fellow, and she gave him a large fee, or drink money, as the fee is called. Sometimes a dozen or more of engaged young men and women, despairing of ever getting money enough to secure the commune's permission, go on a pilgrimage to Rome, begging their way on foot. When there, they are married; but on their return to their native village they are fined, as a punishment for breaking the law.

WIFE: "John, I had a fearful fall this morning." Husband: "How was that?" "I was going down the cellar stairs—" "And I s'pose you slipped and fell?" "Yes" "Well, you'll have to be more careful. I just paid ten dollars to have that staircase painted and repaired, and, if you keep on, you'll have it all scratched and spoilt."

SUNSET.

BY M. E. S.

The sunset hour, the sunset hour,
The fairest of the day,
Is shedding now o'er field and bow'r
Its golden parting ray.

As slowly, surely downward creep
The shadows on the hills,
A sense of peace both still and deep
The weary spirit fills.

For ever at the close of day,
When toil and care are o'er,
Beyond this earth far, far away
Our longing thoughts will soar.

They mount beyond the crimson gates
That close the dark'ning West,
And seek the land where peace awaits
The souls that long for rest—

The land where deathless flowers bloom,
Where shadows never fall,
Where there is neither care nor gloom,
But God is all in all.

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX—(CONTINUED).

AUSTIN Ambrose got up and went to the window, and rapidly mastered the situation.

After all, Fate was working for him to the end! If the Prince Rivani would kindly kill Blair how easily the *denouement* would work out.

"I don't like this!" he said gloomily. "I am not thinking of myself, nor so much of you—for you are good at sword or pistol—but I am thinking of Vio—of the Countess of Ferrers."

"Ah? yes!" said Blair with a sigh. "Poor Violet! And yet, after all——" he stopped, but the pause was significant. "I think I must go the library, Austin," he said after a moment or two. "I have a few letters to write and papers to arrange. I may fall, you know."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Austin Ambrose. "Fall! You may be wounded in the arm, that's just possible——"

Blair laughed grimly.

"If the prince wounds me anywhere it will be through the heart," he said quietly. "He means business, and I shall not baulk him."

The two men stood for a moment looking at each other; the clock chiming melodiously on the mantel-piece roused Blair.

"So I'll go and get these letters written. Don't sit up after the general calls. Get some rest—and, Austin, old fellow," and he held out his hand, "remember, I leave everything to you. You have been a good friend to me. Be as staunch to Violet! There, that's done with! Get some rest."

Austin took the hand and grasped it affectionately.

"I'd give worlds to prevent this," he muttered, turning his head away.

"But you can't!" said Blair cheerfully. "I shan't go to bed; I shouldn't sleep. I'll take a turn along the Parade, after I've written my letters, and keep myself cool. At any rate, I'll have a fight for my life," and with a laugh on his lips he went out of the room.

Austin Ambrose walked to the window and looked out at the night, letting the cold air blow upon his forehead.

A heavy fever seemed burning in all his veins.

All this had fallen so suddenly that there seemed scarcely time to think; and he had to act, and at once.

He poured out some brandy and drank it slowly; then, after a glance at his face in the mirror, he forced it into its accustomed smooth serenity, and going along the corridor, knocked softly at the countess's boudoir.

She was seated in a chair beside the fire, her head thrown back, her hands lying listlessly by her side; but she turned with an eager light in her eyes, that, died out when she saw who it was.

"Oh, it is you; I thought it was Blair," she said. "Where is he?— not back yet?",

Austin Ambrose bit his lip, and a savage light shot into his eyes.

"Always Blair!" he said softly. "No; he is not in yet."

"And why do you come here at this unearthly hour?" she demanded pettishly.

He went and stood in front of her, and looked down at her with a strange intensity, a light in his face that only passion can ignite.

"Violet, I have come to answer a question you have often asked me, and I have often parried. I have come to demand of you the reward you have promised me for the services I have rendered you."

She looked up at him in silent astonishment.

"Question—reward! What are you talking about? Why do you look so very strange?"

"Do I look very strange? Forgive me. It is the only time I have allowed my countenance to incommode you. Have you forgotten—is it necessary to remind you of your promise? Is it necessary to remind you for what that promise was given? Ah, yes, I suppose so. Men and women have short memories. Violet, have you forgotten the day I undertook that you should be Blair's wife?"

Her face paled, but she laughed.

"How melodramatic you are. Of course. I was a poor little woman who set her heart upon something, and you were the clever man who offered to help me. Pray do not look so serious."

"I cannot help my looks to-night," he said quietly, "for to-night you and I stand face to face, soul to soul. Violet, you had set your heart upon gaining Blair, and I have got him for you. You promised me at the time that you would give me whatsoever I should ask, and I told you that some day I should come to claim my reward at your hands. I have come. I will not tell you all I have done for you. You may have conjectured how dark and vile the work has been; no matter. I have succeeded; you have been made Blair's wife through my agency. I come to claim my reward!"

She bit her lip and tried very hard to smile.

"Well, well, what is it? It is awfully late, why not wait until to-morrow? Blair may come in at any moment, and though there is no impropriety in our chatting in my own room, still—what is it? Is it money? Are you in difficulties. How much is it?"

"It is not money," he said gravely.

"What then?" she said impatiently.

"It is yourself!" he said, his eyes flashing into hers, his pale cheeks suddenly glowing with fire.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"IT is yourself I want," said Austin Ambrose.

Violet looked at him for a moment as if she had not understood the purport of his words, then she raised herself on her elbow, and laughed.

"What do you say? Is this a jest? If so, it is in rather bad taste, don't you think?"

He looked at her steadily.

"Have I the appearance of a man who jests?" he breathed.

Her face paled.

"If it isn't a jest, what is it?" she demanded querulously. "Why do you come at this time of night and say absurd things like that?"

"Is it so absurd, do you think? Consider. Violet, have you been dreaming all these months? You should know me well enough to feel that I am not a mere straw to be idly blown hither and thither, not a man likely to waste his life doing service for no requital. Let me take you back to the past. Do you remember the days and months and years I waited on you like a slave? Do you think it was done for nothing, with no hope of reward?"

His eyes shone with fierce determination, his whole manner proclaimed eloquently the dominant idea which had actuated him through the past, which was now so near its fulfilment.

"I never deceived you. Think! remember! Is it so hard to go back? I suppose it must be so! You are now the Countess of Ferrers, Blair's wife; you have obtained all you craved for, and, like all those who rise upon the shoulders or the hearts of some faithful friend and slave, you forget the aid by which alone you rose!"

He drew a little nearer, and stood upright before her, his face made almost handsome by the intensity of its expression.

"Violet, do you remember the day I knelt at your feet and poured out the love with which my heart was burning? I was no schoolboy, nor mere fortune-hunter. I loved you with an all-absorbing passion; I should have loved you if you had been a poor girl selling flowers in the streets, and I would have knelt to you if you had been such an one as humbly as I knelt to Violet Graham, the wealthy heiress, with all the world at her beck and nod! And you!—how did you treat me? Look back! You scarcely deigned to listen, and when at last you consented to waste a few minutes in listening to my prayer—ah! and what a prayer it was; the cry of a man begging for his life!—you answered me with a few half-contemptuous words, a smile wholly scornful, and a haughty request that I would never again so far forget myself. Forget myself! Violet, as I left you that day, I swore that if I lived I would win you; that every gift nature had given me, every talent I could acquire, should be pressed into the service of my oath, and that sooner or later I would come to you—not kneeling, as the humble suppliant, the slave craving for a boon at the hand of a tyrant, but as one having the power to command and exact that which he wanted."

He paused, and the woman leant back white and motionless, her eyes fixed upon his face, as the eyes of a bird are charmed to the serpent which is gradually but surely drawing it to its doom.

"From that time I set myself to my task. I put aside all other objects of my ambition. I devoted my whole mind to this—the fulfilment of my vow. I had sworn that the time should come when you should be mine, and my own, and that you should come, not grudgingly, not unwillingly, but as the fugitive flies to his place of succor and refuge."

"You must be mad, Austin!" she murmured, struggling with the terror his words produced on her.

"Wait!" he said, with the same deadly intentness. "Wait, as I waited! I knew that you had set your heart upon marrying Blair. You fancied that—" he paused as if the coming words were difficult to speak—"that you loved him; but at the bottom of your heart lurked the desire to become the Countess of Ferrers, and that weighed as much with you as any other warmer feeling. Blair was in my hands. He trusted me implicitly, through him I thought that I might, perchance, gain a hold upon you. For days, through sleepless nights, I set myself to find some way of trapping you, some net which should catch and hold you fast. I knew that I could bring Blair to your feet sooner or later, but that was not enough, for, by doing so, I should lose you altogether. Violet, they talk of fate. If there be such a thing, then Fate took pity on me and worked on my side. It was Fate more than I, myself, which weaved the plot whereby I stand to-night before you as a victor, not kneeling, as I once knelt, your slave!"

He paused and smiled down at her, with the air of a man confident of his victim.

"You are tired, and it is time you got some rest. We start from here by five o'clock this morning. I will have a carriage waiting by the cathedral—but I need not trouble you with the arrangements. All that you have to do is to be ready; and I have no fear that you will disobey me."

She rose and looked at him with a flushed face and scornful eyes.

"Austin, you—have been drinking!" she said.

He started, but instantly recovered himself and shook his head slowly.

"It is the most charitable conjecture I can form," she said. "You have either taken too much wine or lost your reason. If you were not so old a friend and so well tried an one, I should send for my husband and acquaint him with these insults; but I won't do that if you will go now, and promise to leave the palace by the carriage you have so kindly provided for me," and she laughed. "I admit that I am indebted to you, but I will find some means of discharging that debt. I am rich—don't be offended!—and an ambitious man like yourself needs money. You shall have what you require; more, Blair shall exert all his influence and send you to Parliament—you will shine there, and may rise to any height you like. But, mind, I will do nothing if you do not go at once, and promise me never to come near me again. If you will not promise—why, then I will place the matter in my husband's hands at once."

She paused.

"Have you finished?" he asked calmly, almost gently.

"Yes," she said, "only I may add that I think you know my threat is no idle one. Blair will know how to avenge an insult paid to his wife!"

His face grew hard, and his eyes dark with a flash of hate and anger.

"An insult paid to his wife! Yes! But one paid to Miss Violet Graham is another matter!"

"What do you mean?" she demanded scornfully. "I am not Violet Graham, I am his wife."

"You are Violet Graham, but you are not Blair's wife; you are not the Countess of Ferrers, my dear!"

She looked at him, the blood rushing to her face at the contemptuous familiarity of the last two words.

"Leave the room, sir!" she exclaimed, raising her hand, and pointing to the door. "You have abused my patience; go, or you will indeed compel me to forget your 'services,' and make it necessary that my paid servants should use force!"

He laughed softly, and his eyes glowed with admiration.

"Violet, I swear that every instant you make me love you more passionately! Oh, if you knew how much better you look now, with your face aflame and your eyes alight, than you have done as the trusting wife of a man who does not love you, and only endures you on sufferance! Yes, I swear I love you all the better for every hard and bitter word!"

She winced at his taunt respecting Blair's coldness, and sank on to the couch.

"I've touched you," he said. "I beg your pardon. But it was your fault; if you had been civil, I would not have remembered it. But there is no time to waste in mutual abuse. I see you think I lied when I said that you were not Blair's wife, is it not so?"

"I know that you lied!" she retorted, as calmly as she could.

"How little you know me," he said gravely. "Do you think I am so great a fool as to make such an assertion for the mere sake of making it?"

"If I am not Blair's wife, who is?" she demanded, as if humoring him.

"Come," he said, with a smile; "that is better, because it is more practical and business-like. Continue this tone, my dear Violet, and we shall speedily arrive at an understanding! You want to know who is Blair's wife? Certainly! It is a young lady, who was Margaret Hale, but who became the Viscountess of Leyton and Countess of Ferrers."

She started, but it was only at the sound of Margaret's name.

"Margaret Hale! The girl——"

"Exactly! The girl he fell in love with at Leyton Court. What an excellent memory you find when you need it!"

"And you say he married her? Oh, spare your breath!" she broke off, with a contemptuous gesture.

"Thanks; I will!" he said. "Permit me to give you ocular proof. Here is the certificate of the ceremony; not a copy, please to observe; not a mere copy, but the original itself! The ceremony, as you will see, was performed at a charming old church, in a rural and secluded spot called Sefton. The date is set forth in plain figures, together with all the particulars even the most exacting lawyer could require."

She took the certificate, very much as poor Margaret had taken the false one from Lottie Belvoir, and looked at it with dazed eyes, then she crushed it in her hand, and looked up at him as a dumb animal looks up at the man who has struck it.

"Married to her! Married to her!" she quietly murmured; "and he did not tell me!"

A spasm of jealousy shot through her.

"Then she was his wife?"

"She was most certainly," he assented, watching her.

"But what has that to do with you and your plot?" she demanded raising herself after a moment and facing him contemptuously. "This—this marriage is a matter between me and Blair. This certificate is not a forgery—I believe that."

He looked at her steadily.

"Thanks. You do me that credit? And safely. Of one thing you may be convinced, Violet, and that is that I will not speak one false word to you to-night. By truth, and truth alone, I will win you. Do not doubt any one thing I tell you, for I swear that it is true!"

He raised his hand as he spoke, and his eyes blazed down on her with an awful intensity. She shuddered.

"I—I believe you," she said, almost involuntarily. "I believe this marriage took place, but what of it? The girl is dead. I am Blair's wife, and the offer"—she shuddered again—"the vile offer you made me he will protect me from."

"Blair is not your husband, for Margaret Hale, the Countess of Ferrers, is alive!" he said.

He did not thunder it at her, nor hiss it as the serpent he resembled might have done; but he spoke the words almost gently and with a serene and complacent calmness.

She sprang to her feet and confronted him.

"What? Stop——" and her hands went out towards him as if to shut from her senses any further words of his.

"I must go on," he said. "It is true, Margaret Hale is alive. Do you doubt me? Look in my face," and he drew a step nearer.

She looked at him with all her anguished soul in her eyes, then she shrank back.

"She is here, here in Naples. An hour hence, any moment, they may meet, Blair and she, and he will recognise her. Do you think that, after that, you have much chance of remaining as the wife of the Earl of Ferrers? You know best whether his heart has forgotten his allegiance to his first wife, his real wife, his present wife; for you are nothing whatever to him, remember. You are not the Countess of Ferrers, but simply—Miss Violet Graham!"

She sat staring at him, her hand clenched on the certificate.

"Why—why did she leave him? Does he know that she is alive?" she said very hoarsely.

He laughed, and drawing a chair nearer, sat astride it and facing her.

"No, he thinks her dead," he said. "I see, you will not be satisfied until I tell you the whole of my little plot! Listen, then!" and with his eyes fixed upon her watchingly, he told the story of the elaborate scheme which, helped by Fate, he had built up; of Lottie Belvoir's deception, and of Margaret's supposed death.

He had to speak slowly, to repeat his sentence now and again, but at last she comprehended, and with a low cry she cowered amongst the sofa cushions.

"And you did all that? You—you must be more demon than man!"

He smiled.

"I can claim to be a man who has devoted all his talents, and all his energies, to the attainment of one object. You call me names! Bah, my dear Violet, have you forgotten that evening in Park Lane, when I told you she was dead, and you thought I had murdered her? You did not call me rude names then, I think!"

She shuddered, and hid her face in her hands.

When she lifted it, it was as drawn as if she had risen from a long and wasting illness.

"It is true! It is true!" she moaned hoarsely; "and now you want me to——"

She could not go on, but her lips moved.

"I want you to keep your promise, that is all, my dear Violet," he said coolly.

"And if I refuse?"

"You will not refuse," he said quietly. "You dare not! If you are not ready to accompany me at five o'clock I shall go to Blair, and tell him all that I have told you ——"

"He will kill you!" she said, with a sudden touch of pride, even in her great misery.

He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew a revolver.

"I think not," he said coolly. "I am prepared to defend myself. But I am inclined to think that Blair will be so overwhelmed with joy at the intelligence that his lost wife is alive, that he will quite disregard so insignificant an individual as myself."

She hid her face and groaned.

"Come, Violet, you must know that it is of little avail to oppose me, much less to argue. Face the inevitable. You used to be a brave woman once, summon up some courage now. Consider, after all, what can you do better than fly with me? In an hour or two, at any moment, as I say, Blair and the countess will meet, the truth will be known, and you—what will you be? Nothing!—worse than nothing! The law

cannot give you redress, for Blair believed her dead; but none the less you will be—an outcast!"

She writhed and tore at the pillows in a frenzy of despair.

"Oh, please!" he murmured reproachfully. "Is th's the same woman who bade me separate Blair and Margaret Hale at any cost?—at any cost? Come, pluck up a little spirit. What must be; and it is certain that you will have to yield to me."

"He can but kill me!" she moaned desperately.

Austin Ambrose laughed.

"Nonsense! Blair will do nothing of the kind. He will simply repudiate you, and with many apologies, show you the door. But really it would be more merciful to kill you outright, than to leave you the butt of the whole of London! The great heiress, Violet Graham, wrongfully married to Blair Leyton, and discarded for his first and lawful wife!" and he laughed.

She put up her hand to silence him; and, his mood changing, he caught the hand and fell on his knees at her side.

"Forgive me, Violet! Do you not see that I am only seeming hard and cruel? Do you think that my heart does not bleed for you? But what can I do? You force me to tell you the truth in all its nakedness; for I know that if I do not convince you that you have no other alternative, you will not yield! Do not force me to say any more; accept the inevitable. Say the word; give me your promise to be ready at the time I have named, and I will take you with me ——"

"Never! never!" she said very hoarsely, and striving to draw her hand from his grasp.

"What do you fear? Why do you shrink from me? Do you think that I do not love you? What stronger proof do you want than that I have given you? Have I not done more to win you than one man in a million does for the woman he wants? If it had been murder itself I would not have hesitated, I would not hesitate now! Ah, Violet! think of me a little. I, too, have suffered the tortures of the damned, for it was my hand that gave you—for a time—to him! I have stood by and seen you the wife of another, the man I really hate ——"

"Hate!—you really hate him?" she re-echoed.

"Yes," he said, a lurid light shining in his eyes. "I always hated him because you loved him! Many and many a time I have longed to see him dead at my feet, but no more of that! What does it matter? It is only of my love for you that I wish to think or speak. Violet, he never loved you, never, for one moment. His heart is always with this Margaret; he has never ceased to think and long for her since his marriage to you, and you know it! Why should you hesitate to leave him? Why should you want to remain, for the finger of scorn to point to you? Trust yourself to my love, the deepest and truest man ever felt. I will marry you when and where you please; I will spend the remainder of my life in devotion to you; I will——" he stopped breathless, and, carried away by his passion, he threw his arms about her.

She struggled from his embrace, and even struck at him.

"Go with you!" she gasped. "Leave him for you?" and she laughed wildly. "I would rather die!"

He stood back, and regarded her with a lowering face, ominous in its set calm.

"Very good. I may take that as your decision? In half an hour I take Blair to his wife; in half an hour I will tell him how he came to lose her, and that it was you—Violet Graham—who tempted and prompted me to carry out the plot which has nearly wrecked his life. And then I leave you to face him."

He took one step from her, but she sprang up and throwing herself at his feet clutched at his arm.

"No, no! Give me time! Wait, Austin! Only wait! I did not mean to be hard. I—I—oh, have pity on me!" and she turned her white face up to him. "Have pity on me! I was only a woman, and I did love him so! Yes, I know it was I who tempted you, but I did not know that you cared for me as you say you do, and, oh, Austin, look at me kneeling to you for more than life—ah, for life itself! Do not betray me. I will do anything——"

"Anything but the one thing I want," he said coldly. "You would offer me money, anything. Money! If you had all the wealth of the Rothschilds and offered it to me to forego the reward I have worked for, I would say 'no!' No, if I cannot have you, for whom I have plotted and planned, I will at least have revenge. You cannot rob me of that. Let go my hand and leave me free to join the early parted husband and wife."

"No!" she wailed, clinging to him. "Stay, Austin, I will—I will consent!"

He stooped down and looked at her face.

"Say that again," he said quite eagerly. "You will consent? You will go with me?"

She rose and with both hands pushed her disordered hair from her white face. Then looking at him steadily:

"Yes, I will go with you."

"You—you will! Oh, my darling!" and he made to take her in his strong arms, but she put out her hands and kept him off.

"Yes," she said in a low, dull voice, "I will go with you. I see it is useless to fight against you."

"It is," he assented intently. "And you will come to the cathedral——"

"No," she said like one repeating a lesson; "come to me here at five o'clock. I am not strong enough to go out. Come at five o'clock and I will be ready."

He knelt on one knee, and taking her hand, pressed it to his lips.

"Violet, you know that I can keep an oath. I have proved it, have I not? Then hear me swear that you shall never regret your resolution. I will wipe out the past, I will surround you with a love that shall cause you to forget all that has happened, and that must make you happy! At five! Go now and lie down, dearest! You will need all your strength, for the journey must be a long and a swift one. A few hours and we shall be beyond the reach of pursuit! And then, ah, then, your new life will commence! A life which my love shall make one dream of happiness! Go, dearest! At five!"

He led her to the door; she drew her hand from his hot, burning fingers, and pressed it on her forehead, then, as she opened the door, she turned and looked at him, a steady, resolute look.

"I will remember," she said. "I will be ready when you come!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

TEN minutes after Lottie fell senseless beside the stone steps of the Palace Augustus, a slight, girlish figure came quickly down the street.

It was dressed in black, the only spot of relief being the fur lining of the hood which almost concealed her face.

Though she was quite alone, she walked with a fearless and confident bearing, like one whose safety was insured.

As she came near the gateway of the palace, a man, bearing the unmistakable signs of a footpad, approached her stealthily, but after a glance at the half-shrouded face, he made a bow, and spreading out his hands towards her, with respectful and almost awed deprecation, stood aside to let her pass.

Margaret, for she it was, returned the salutation with a gentle inclination of her head, and went on her way.

As Alfero had said, there was not one of the poor people of the city who did not know her, by repute at least, and there was not one who would not have deemed it sacrilege to lift a finger against her.

As she walked along in the starlight, a strange feeling of peacefulness, that for all its serenity had something of elation in it, pervaded her.

She had just come from visiting a child down with the fever, which is as characteristic of Naples as its bay, or its volcano, and the blessings which the mother of the little one had called down upon Margaret's head, seemed to have borne fruit.

To-night, as she looked up at the stars, she could bring herself to think of Blair with a feeling of forgiveness and tenderness which she had not, as yet, been capable of.

In this life he could never be her own again, never; but perhaps in that mysterious after-life towards which they were all drifting, he would, in some way, come back to her.

That he had loved her, even while sinning against her, she felt convinced; and to-night, as she walked through the silent streets, his face came before her, and his voice rose in her memory with a strange distinctness.

In fancy she was back again at Leyton Court and Appleford, and a reflection of those times, in all their glorious coloring of happiness, fell upon her spirit in the dark street, and illuminated it with a serious sadness that had a tinge of joy in it.

"Oh, Blair, my love, my love!" she murmured, looking up at the stars, very much as he had done about an hour before; "we shall never meet again here on earth, but who knows what may await us up there!"

As she lowered her eyes with a gentle sight, she saw the figure of Lottie huddled up in a scarcely distinguishable mass beside the door-way of the Augustus Palace; she stopped immediately, and kneeling beside the unconscious girl, spoke to her gently.

At first she thought that the girl was dead, but she detected a faint movement of the heart, and raising her head upon her knee, she moistened her lips with some eau de cologne.

The light was so dim that she did not recognize her; and she was loosening the worn shawl and chafing the thin hands that hung limply at her side, when a man and woman came down the street.

Margaret beckoned to them. After a glance, they were keeping on their way; but she called to them, and hearing her voice, their manner changed and they hurried forward.

"A poor girl who has fallen in a swoon," explained Margaret.

"Looks like dead, signorina," said the man, shrugging his shoulders Italian fashion. "Best fetch the police; dead people give trouble to the most innocent."

"Oh, no, no; she is not dead, indeed!" said Margaret earnestly.

"That's not what you said when the signorina nursed you through the ague, ungrateful pig!" exclaimed the man's wife with charming candor. "What shall we do, lady?"

"If I could get her somewhere out of the street—" said Margaret very anxiously. "I think she has fainted from hunger."

"Like enough," said the man. "It's a most popular complaint, lady!"

"I'll take her to our rooms, signorina," said the woman promptly. "Lift her, Tonelli!"

The husband obeyed with half-sullen resignation, and the pair carried Lottie to a house in one of the small streets. They laid her on the bed; and Margaret, after despatching the man to her house for wine and food, and setting the woman to light a fire, threw her fur cloak over the girl, and then, and not till then, carried a light close to her.

As she did so the lamp nearly fell to the ground, for she recognized in the girl she had rescued, the woman who had dealt her the blow that had wrecked her life. There, lying motionless and senseless, was Blair's real wife!

She set the lamp down and staggered back to a chair.

"The signorina is tired and ill," exclaimed the woman of the house, gazing at her sympathetically. "Will not the signorina leave the girl to my care, and go home to rest? You wear yourself out for the poor, lady!"

"No, no!" said Margaret, fighting against the weakness which threatened to master her. "It is only a little faintness. Is the fire all right? Yes, Then, will you go down and warm some of the wine Tonelli will bring, and bring it up to me?"

The woman left the room, and Margaret once more bent over the unconscious Lottie.

Yes, it was the same woman! But how came she to be lying in the street of Naples, in rags, and evidently half-famished? Had Blair deserted her again?

At the thought, Margaret's heart ached. Could it be possible that any man should be so heartless and cruel?—or was it the woman's fault? She scanned the face earnestly.

It was pale and pinched, but there were none of the signs of dissipation which she was so accustomed to see upon the faces of so many to whom she ministered.

What was the key to this mystery?

All the while she was pondering she was using means to bring warmth and life back, and presently the woman of the house came up with the hot wine.

Margaret succeeded in getting some through the white lips, and after awhile Lottie opened her eyes. They rested upon the lovely face for some seconds vacantly, but presently a gleam of intelligence shot across them, and she tried to raise herself upon her elbow, staring wildly at what she took to be a vision.

"Do not move," said Margaret softly. "You are weak and ill. Drink some of this wine."

Lottie took the cup and drained it feverishly.

"Give me some more," she gasped. "Give me anything to wake me from this dream. Do you hear? Wake me, or I shall go mad! I tell you I can see her standing there in front of me!" and she pointed to Margaret wildly. "I've often fancied I've seen her, but never so plainly as now. Wake me! for Heaven's sake, wake me!"

"Try and keep quiet," said Margaret soothingly; but at the sound of her voice Lottie only grew more excited.

"There! I can hear her speaking! What is it she says? I know I did it! I plead guilty, my lord! But it was not me only. Where is Austin Ambrose? He is worse than I am, my lord. Send me to prison if you like, but don't let him go as a free. He is worse than I am! It was he who put me up to it—and now he leaves me to starve! Yes, he did! He threatened me, told me that he'd have me charged, and that he'd swear he knew nothing about it. Where is Austin Ambrose? He's worse than I am, my lord!"

Then she sank down as if exhausted; but presently she started up with a cry of terror and clutched at Margaret's arm.

"Blair! Blair!" she shrieked, and at the name poor Margaret winced and could scarcely suppress a cry. "Blair will be killed! I heard them say so! Quick! Find him, stop the fight! The prince will kill him. Blair is no match for him, I heard them say so! Oh, for the love of Heaven, don't stand there doing nothing, but find them and stop them!"

The woman of the house crept to the bed, and looking down curiously shrugged her shoulders.

"She is English, lady, is she not? She is in the fever and raves, is it not so? What is it she says?"

"I—I am afraid she is delirious," said Margaret, scarcely knowing what she answered. "Will you go for the English doctor and beg him to come to me at once?"

Lottie caught the word doctor, and raising herself on her elbow held out her hand imploringly.

"Oh, never mind me!" she panted. "What does it matter about me? It's Blair—Blair you must save. Don't you believe me? I tell you I heard them talking about it before I fell—where was it?" and she put her hand to her head and sank back with a groan.

Margaret made her take some more wine, and soothed her, and presently, as if utterly worn out, Lottie fell into a sleep.

But it was broken every now and then by moans and exclamations, in which the words "Blair" and "killed" were alone distinguishable.

Margaret sat beside the bed, with one of the girl's wasted burning hands held tightly in her own.

She could not think—the meeting was too strange and mysterious to permit of her doing that—but she sat in a kind of dull stupor, even after the doctor had come and gone again.

The night passed away and morning dawned, and with the first streak in the east Lottie awoke.

That she was no longer delirious was evident by her eyes, but she turned pale and started, as they fell upon Margaret.

"It was no dream then!" she said in a low voice, covering her face with her hands. "It was really you who sat beside me?"

"Yes, it was I," said Margaret, sadly and shyly, for it came flashing upon her that this woman after all was Blair's wife. "I am glad you are better. I will go now," and she rose a little stiffly.

Lottie put out her hand.

"No, stay," she said, with a brightened, nervous glance. "I—and I have something to tell you! Oh, if I only knew how! Don't be angry with me more than you can help. Punish me if you like, but don't say much to me. I've done the cruellest thing that ever one woman did to another, and I deserve to be shot—"

At the word she started up, and flung out her arms—"What is the time, is it morning? Not morning! Do not tell me that! Oh, great Heaven, how long have I been lying here? Oh, too late, too late!" and she rocked herself to and fro.

Margaret, terrified, managed to gasp out some inarticulate question.

"Why are you too late, and for what?"

"To save him! To save Blair! Didn't I tell you? It seems to me that I have been raving about it for hours! He and the Prince Rivani are to fight this morning! This morning! It is light now!"

"Blair — Lord Leyton; your — your husband!" said Margaret, holding on to the bed to support herself.

"My husband!" Lottie almost shrieked; then she laughed wildly and hysterically. "No! not my husband, but yours!"

"Mine!" said Margaret, her eyes fixed on the flushed face and desperate black eyes.

"Yes; yours, yours, yours!" cried Lottie. "Oh, can't you understand? No! You are so good and true, that you cannot believe there are such fiends in the world as me and Austin Ambrose!"

"Austin Ambrose!" was all Margaret could falter.

She was like a blind man upon whom the oculist is operating: not seeing yet, but waiting for the first streaks of light.

"Austin Ambrose! The cruellest, cleverest scoundrel on earth!" cried Lottie, tearing at her clothes and flinging them on as she spoke. "It was he who tempted me to go down to that place in Devonshire, and pass myself off as Blair's wife——"

"Pass yourself off as—— Then—then you are not his wife?"

"No, and never was!" cried Lottie.

"Then—— Oh, stop! give me a minute! No! don't touch me! I'm not going to faint!" for Lottie had sprung forward to catch her. "I will not faint; only give me a minute. I am Blair's wife!—Blair's wife! Say it again!" and the poor soul, white and red by turns, held up her hands to the wickedly weak and erring Lottie.

"I'll say it a thousand times; I'll beg your forgiveness on my knees; I'll do anything to atone for what I've done, but not now!" she exclaimed fiercely. "For while we are talking here, murder's being done; for it is murder to pit a man against Prince Rivani, and that's what they have done with Blair—Lord Ferrers, I mean!"

"Ah!"

Margaret caught her breath, and pressed her hand to her heart for a moment; then she snatched up her cloak and flung it round her, and sprang to the door.

Lottie had just succeeded in getting on her ragged clothing, and put out a hand, humbly and imploringly, to stop her.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

Margaret put her white hand away with simple dignity, and, looking at her, replied:

"To save my husband!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE ITALIAN STYLE.—A marriage in Calabria has several old Greek features. On the wedding day the bridegroom, accompanied by a troop of young men carrying a banner, appears before the bride's house, and knocks loudly at the door.

The door is at once flung open, and the bride in her long wedding garment is seen on the threshold. She wears a coronet of flowers, and she and her bridesmaid join the procession of the young men and walk to the church.

The marriage is celebrated after the Greek ritual. At the Communion after the marriage, the priest dips the sacred host in the chalice, according to the Eastern use, and gives it to the husband and wife. He sets a kind of crown upon the head of each in turn. There is also a procession round a table placed in the nave of the church, on which the crown is laid, and man and wife alternately take up the crown and wear it during the procession.

The wedding party then marches to the house of the husband. Here the wife, following ancient precedent, hesitates at the threshold, and affects a dread of entering. The mother-in-law appears, however, to welcome her, embraces her new daughter, and places a sugared almond in the young wife's mouth, as a sign that she may henceforward regard herself as the true housemistress.

A WESTERN EDITOR thus answers a correspondent who asked him if he ever saw a bald-headed woman: "No, we never did. Why should we? Nor we never saw a woman waltzing round town in her shirt sleeves with a cigar between her teeth stepping into every saloon she saw. We never saw a woman go fishing in the mountains with a bottle in each pocket, sit on the damp ground all day and go home drunk at night. Neither have we ever seen a woman yank off her coat, spit on her hands and say she could whip any man in town. No, God bless her, she ain't built that way."

AFTER THE STORM.

BY A. L. SALMON.

The storm has passed; yet still a troubled moaning,
A strange impassioned sob, comes fitfully.
Dost thou repent, and is there no atoning
For deeds of darkness, O thou wayward sea?

Too late this show of sorrow and contrition
For happy homes by thee made desolate!
Ask those for absolution and remission
Who look abroad across thy waves and wait.

Long shall they wait, and, anguish-stricken, wonder
What keeps the steps of those they love so well—
Who lie beneath thy deep incessant thunder,
Cradled for ever 'mid thy surge and swell.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI—(CONTINUED.)

OH, I don't know!"

Honest young Frank did not look particularly rapturous.

"It won't make any difference to me; Jem's a dozen years older than I am, you see, and we never did rub on very well. But you'll like him, I daresay, Miss Brook," he added jealously.

"I have no doubt I shall," said the young lady sweetly, "if he is nice."

"Oh, I don't know what girls call nice!" rejoined Frank, with a rueful glance in a neighboring mirror at his own decidedly lank proportions. "Well, he's coming to-morrow, as I said, and you'll be able to judge for yourself. I only hope he means to do as he said, and bring Townsend with him."

"Townsend?" echoed the girl, with a nervous start.

"Yes, Phil Townsend. He is a jolly chap, if you like! He's Jem's great chum, but not a bit like him. He usually gives us a look-up when Jem condescends to do so—March was the last time they were here. Didn't you see him then?"

"No; you forget—I was away with Miss Milroy at Eastbourne."

"So you were, of course; but I didn't forget, I——"

"Frank," called Mrs. Corolyn at this juncture, not at all approving of the close proximity of her son's dark head to the curly golden hair of Miss Milroy's companion, "oblige me by ringing for Burton to light the lamps; we are sitting almost in darkness. Agatha, my love, I am sure you cannot see your notes."

Miss Woodward's fingers had indeed been wandering over the piano-keys in a somewhat random fashion, and she rose quickly, as if Mrs. Corolyn's clear incisive tones had called her out of dreamland.

She was a very pretty girl, with a sweet pensive mouth, dark eyes, and a wealth of smooth shining dark hair coiled low upon her neck.

She had the sweetest of tempers and the kindest of hearts, and was, in short, the nicest heiress possible.

"Shall we go out into the garden for a little while?" asked Agatha of Huldah. "I have not seen you for nearly a week, dear, and I want to talk to you. You don't want to have aunt tease you to sing, or to wait and hear Mr. Ackland and the Rector disagree with each other?"

"Not a bit!" said Mother Hubbard very promptly, getting up slowly from her low chair. "I want to talk to you too, Agatha."

Agatha had been "Miss Woodward" to her until quite lately, for she had stood a little in awe, in spite of her audacity, of Mrs. Corolyn's niece, who was also the heiress of thirty thousand pounds.

But Agatha's sweet kindness and gentle words and ways had put an end to that formality.

"What was it that you wanted to say to me, Agatha?" asked Huldah presently, when they had got out into the rose-garden and were pacing slowly up and down in the dusk.

"To say?" echoed Agatha, starting, for she had fallen into a reverie again.

A flush rose in her fair face, and she looked down quickly into the blue eyes raised to hers, for she was considerably taller than little Mother Hubbard.

"I—I hardly know," she said, faltering. "Nothing particular, dear. Didn't I hear Frank telling you who is coming to-morrow?"

"Yes, Jem," said Huldah demurely; then the fun in her eyes and on her lips broke out in a ripple of laughter. "I beg your pardon, Agatha," she said, still with dimpling cheeks, "and it is a mercy, isn't it, that Mrs. Corolyn can't hear me? but really and truly I use the only name I know of. Beyond Jem I don't in the least know what to call your cousin."

"How odd that you should never have heard his name!" said Miss Woodward, in an amused tone. "I wonder you haven't. It is James Ryder, dear, that's all. My dear, what is it?" cried Agatha. "Have you hurt yourself?"

Huldah had given a sharp little scream and sprung away swiftly to the other side of the path.

Now she stood still and broke into a little laugh, drawing away her white skirts from her small French-heeled shoes, looking at them coolly and keenly.

"Hurt myself?" she echoed promptly, continuing her deliberate inspection. "No; I don't think so, Agatha. I'm not hurt—not a bit."

"Perhaps you trod on a stone, dear," suggested Miss Woodward.

"Perhaps so. Yes; I think I must have done. That comes of wearing these ridiculous little thin bits of shoes, doesn't it? I'm so sorry I startled you, dear. Let me see—what were we talking about? Oh, your cousin! You said his name was James Ryder, didn't you? That isn't half so pretty as Frank Corolyn. Describe him to me, please. Is he handsome, do you think?"

"Yes," said Agatha, in her quiet way. "Most people say so, and I suppose he is. Yes, he is decidedly handsome."

"Only you don't think so," commented Huldah coolly. "I'll not say that I won't tell him. Let me see—what next? Do you like him?"

"I am engaged to him," said Miss Woodward calmly.

As they walked Huldah's hand was resting upon her friend's arm in a girlishly affectionate fashion; but now she pulled it away sharply.

"Why do you say that, Agatha?" she said, in a harsh tone. "It isn't nice to joke about such things."

"Joke?"

Agatha compressed her pretty lips and looked away from the upraised face with the scarlet trembling lips and wide-open eyes.

"I am not joking, Huldah," she said composedly. "I am really engaged to James."

"Really and truly?" questioned Huldah breathlessly.

"Certainly. We have been engaged for over a year. Why should you doubt it?"

She smiled a little, but her lips were trembling too.

"I never heard any one speak of it—you never told me," stammered Mother Hubbard.

She had pulled off the cluster of red rose buds which she wore upon her left shoulder, and was tearing the blossoms to fragments with restless fingers.

"We don't often speak of it," said Agatha, with a rather uncertain voice, looking away again; "but it is true, dear."

"More than a year," murmured Huldah, half to herself. "Then, Agatha, you were engaged before we first knew each other?"

"Oh, yes!"—and again Agatha smiled faintly. "We have been engaged since last April twelvemonth, when I was twenty-one."

Huldah suddenly flung her arms about Miss Woodward's neck.

"Agatha," she whispered eagerly, "may I ask you two questions, dear—ask them because I love you really and truly, because I love you and for no other reason in the world—not because I am rude or curious or impertinent, but because you have treated me like a sweet sister, when you might have been so different? You will tell me, Agatha, won't you? Do you love James Ryder very much?"

Agatha extricated herself instantly from the clinging arms.

"I am going to marry him, Huldah," she said, almost coldly, "That—that should be a sufficient answer to your question, I think."

She hesitated a moment, and then went on, in almost her usual gentle tone:

"I have always expected to marry James, Huldah—I have been used to think of it since I was seventeen. It doesn't startle me, you know, because it startles you."

Huldah offered no remark; her blue eyes were fixed intently upon the drooping face beside her.

They paced the long path twice in silence before Agatha asked softly:

"What is your second question, my dear?"

She said it with a gentle touch of her white hand upon the blond head beside her, and with such an obvious wish to atone for her former coldness that Huldah turned and kissed her impulsively before replying.

"I'm afraid this is really a rude question, Agatha; but I don't mean it so, truly, and so you mustn't think it so. I shouldn't care a scrap about it but for you. Is Mr. Ryder rich?"

"Very rich?" echoed Agatha. "My dear girl, no! He is not rich at all; he is poor."

"I wondered whether he was," said Huldah thoughtfully, as if to herself. "Thank you, Agatha; I know now."

"How bright you look, child!" said Miss Georgiana a couple of hours afterwards, when they had reached the Gables, and Mr. Ackland lingered a little before saying good night and going off down the lane and across the two meadows to Long Cottage and Floss. "One would think you had enjoyed yourself mightily."

Miss Milroy sat and looked at her little companion with the flower-like face and ruffled golden head, and eyes that were bright as stars, although it was midnight, with a benign fondness and satisfaction which could hardly have been exceeded had she been the girl's mother.

"Don't you think she looks most uncommonly pleased about something, Caleb?"

"I think she does," he answered, smiling.

He was looking at her with kind grave dark eyes, fully as gentle as Miss Georgiana's, but not so satisfied.

They had had in them a restless, reluctant discontent of late when they watched the childish beauty.

"That's because she feels so!" declared Huldah gaily. "I am pleased, really and truly pleased to-night."

"What about, pray?" demanded Miss Georgiana. "Have you had some good news, or what?"

"Delightful news!"

"By-the-way, I had some to-day," struck in Mr. Ackland, before his aunt had time to demand of her companion what she meant, "though I don't know that it deserves to be called delightful. I had a letter from Tregeagle this morning—you remember my speaking of old Josh, don't you? he was my special chum at Brisbane. He is in England, and is coming down here to look me up to-morrow."

"Oh, certainly I remember!" cried Miss Georgiana briskly. "The name always amused me—it is so odd. Coming down here is he? My dear boy, what a dreadful wilderness for a visitor you have at Long Cottage! If only you would give the horrible place up!"

"Horrible! Oh, Miss Georgiana, I think it is lovely!" cried Huldah very impulsively.

"Do you, my dear?"

Miss Milroy made a very fastidious grimace.

"Well, every one to their taste, I am sure, with all my heart! But I was forgetting. I suppose Mr. Tregeagle is no more particular than you are, Caleb? You must bring him over, mind—I shall expect you both to dine here to-morrow. I am sure that doleful Mrs. Boskett could never prepare you a decent dinner. What kind of man is he? Older than you are, is he not?"

"Oh, yes—twenty years, I daresay!" said Mr. Ackland, rising; and then he bade Miss Georgiana good night and turned to Miss Brook, who was leaning with her arms folded, on the ledge of the open window, looking out at the stars.

"You will bring him here to-morrow, won't you?" she asked him, looking quickly up.

"Why, you don't want to see him, do you?" exclaimed Caleb, amused.

"Yes; I think I do."

"Then I'll certainly bring him."

He held the little hand she had put out to him, and looked down curiously at her radiant face.

"I told you my news, Miss Brook. What is yours, that is wonderful enough to please you so?"

"Ah, what?"

Her face broke into dimpling smiles again, and she pulled away her hand, shaking her blond head saucily.

"I'll tell you some day—only you—but not now. You'll know then why I was so glad. Good-night."

"Good-night, little Mother Hubbard," he said slowly.

"What on earth makes Caleb call you that ridiculous name, child?" demanded Miss Milroy, as the door closed upon her nephew's broad shoulders. "One would think you were Floss. But there—I do verily believe that he doesn't think you much older!" added Miss Georgiana very sleepily.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. ACKLAND kept his word, and duly appeared at the Gables the next day about an hour before dinner-time, with Floss, resplendent in white embroidered frock and red sash and ribbons, and Mr. Josiah Tregeagle, anything but resplendent in a curiously speckled suit of clothes very much too wide and too short for him, as though he had been stretched since buying them.

Certainly he was long enough and thin enough to favor that flight of fancy.

His head—which was also long—topped Mr. Ackland's by a good two inches; his complexion was sunburnt to a very fair imitation of mahogany, the effect being increased by his hair and long straggling moustache being nearly white; his feet were large, his manner was shy, his hands were knotty, his whole aspect was ungainly; and yet the person who could have seen Mr. Tregeagle and not taken a fancy to him instantly must have been a very queer person indeed.

Miss Floss, one of the most fastidious of odd little persons in her likes and dislikes, had taken a tremendous fancy to him already, and came skipping along with one hand in his and one in her father's; although she deserted both abruptly and rushed at Huldah with a shrill shriek of delight when she caught sight of her among the flower-beds, in a blue muslin a shade or two lighter than her eyes and with Miss Georgiana's fat white Pomeranian plodding asthmatically after her.

Mr. Ackland stopped to shake hands, and presented his friend courteously to Miss Brook with as much polite ceremony as though she had been a small duchess instead of little Mother Hubbard.

Mr. Tregeagle took his hat off his bushy white hair with a bow, and stared at her very hard for the moment that he held her hand in his, and finally dropped it and backed away without having said anything at all.

As he followed his friend to the house he cast a good many curious glances over his shoulder at the pretty girl in the blue dress kneeling down on the sunny grass with the white-frocked child clinging fondly to her; and even after he was piloted into the drawing-room, and had got safely through the ordeal of introduction to Miss Milroy, his eyes were still turned furtively towards the window.

Mr. Tregeagle was bashful with women as a rule, for he knew very little about them and had seen but few; but to be bashful with Miss Milroy after the first minute or two was impossible, even to him.

Her tact was as perfect as her good nature.

To Caleb Ackland's inward amusement, remembering his friend's energetic protests against this visit, Mr. Tregeagle was in a very short time engaged in a fluent and an easy conversation with his hostess.

Few women could be more charming than could the brisk little lady when she chose, and she chose on the present occasion.

She had as fresh and innocent a liking for approval and admiration as she had had twenty years before.

But still Mr. Tregeagle's eyes wandered towards the window and the two figures outside, and so often and with an expression of such curiosity and interest that Miss Georgiana broke off in the middle of a remark to say jestingly:

"You seem to admire my little companion, Mr. Tregeagle. So pretty a face as hers is not common in Brisbane, I suppose?"

"Why, the young lady is very pretty, ma'am," returned Mr. Tregeagle, withdrawing his eyes with a start; "but, if you'll excuse my saying so, it wasn't for that reason that I looked at her. I can't make out where the mischief it is that I've seen a face that is the very image of hers! Where can it be now?" pondered Mr. Tregeagle, with his eyes wandering again towards the little figure in blue, as if he could not keep them away. "Can't have seen the young lady herself, Ackland, can I? Of course not, though; she's a mere bit of a child, and it's close on twenty years since I set foot in England. What might her name be, ma'am? I didn't catch it."

"Her name is Huldah Brook," responded Miss Milroy promptly.

Mr. Tregeagle swung round in his chair with startling quickness.

"What," he cried—"not Robert Brook's daughter—Robert Brook that married Margaret Drake, whose parents used to keep 'The Royal Arms' in a place called Milford Parva. You don't mean that she's really poor Bob Brook's girl?"

"Most certainly she is the daughter of Robert Brook and Margaret Drake," answered Mr. Ackland quickly, for Miss Milroy was too astonished to attempt to speak. "We know that her father went abroad to Brisbane some fourteen years ago, and is supposed to have died there. Do you know anything of him? Is he dead?"

"Oh, ay: he's dead fast enough!" responded Mr. Tregeagle bluntly. "So the little lady out there is his daughter, is she? There's no mistake about it—she is really Bob Brook's child?"

"There is no doubt about that. What of it?" asked Mr. Ackland.

Mr. Tregeagle shrugged his shoulders and dropped resignedly into his chair.

"Merely that I've got for her, my dear fellow—not exactly in my pocket, but as good as there—the very neat little sum of fifteen thousand pounds!"

Miss Georgiana gave a gasp of amazement, and sank back in her chair in her turn.

Under the heavy fire of questions which immediately assailed him Mr. Tregeagle proceeded to explain himself with clearness and brevity.

He had known Robert Brook—had been intimate with him through all his struggles, which were invariably unsuccessful ones—had helped him very likely, although he did not say that.

Brook was a delicate man, and the roughness of the life, the heat of the climate, and the heavy disappointment of his perpetual non-success had been too much for him.

He had sunk under it—died under it. Dying, he had left behind him, in the hands of his friend, a small sum of money, begging him to invest it as he thought best, and, if the venture prospered, to send the proceeds to his wife and child.

A romantic thing to do perhaps; but Robert Brook knew the man he was trusting.

Mr. Tregeagle did as he was asked, first writing to England to announce his friend's death.

No answer was returned. He wrote again, and his letter came back. Just then it was impossible for him to leave Brisbane and journey to England in order personally to prosecute inquiries on the spot; lawyers and all their doings he hated—he would trust none of them.

A friend of his, who had also known Robert Brook slightly, was going to England for a few months; he deputed him to make inquiries as to the whereabouts and circumstances of Margaret Brook and her daughter.

The friend never returned to Brisbane—he died in London a fortnight before he was to have sailed—but he had previously written to Mr. Tregeagle a letter containing the result of his investigation.

How the mistake had arisen, whether through neglect or stupidity, it was impossible to say; but it was certain that the letter plainly stated that Margaret Brook and her child was dead. Mr. Tregeagle believed it.

Robert Brook had declared his wish that in the event of this happening his friend should keep the result of the investment, whatever it might prove to be, for himself.

The investment had prospered far better than could have been anticipated, having produced in the eight years this sum of fifteen thousand pounds.

It belonged to poor Bob's daughter; and to that young lady Mr. Tregeagle was of course prepared to hand it over in the shortest space of time.

Having thus brought his recital to a brisk and blunt conclusion, Mr. Tregeagle again

looked out of the window at the small figure in blue with the fair hair, sitting on the sunny grass, singing to Floss, and suggested that it would be as well to call the little girl in at once and "get it over."

So Huldah was called in, and the explanation was "got over"—not without an outburst of emotional womanly tears from Miss Georgiana; while Huldah herself turned so white and began to tremble so that Stiff was rung for to bring the smelling-salts; and Floss, dimly grasping that something was being done to her idol, wailed pitifully, and kicked Mr. Tregeagle with spiteful viciousness when he attempted to console her.

There was quite a scene for a little while; but, when Huldah had cried for a minute or two on Miss Milroy's shoulder, and had tenderly besought her not to send her away—to let her stay with her, at the Gables even if she was rich instead of a little runaway beggar-maid—it subsided, and they all went in peaceably to dinner.

Dinner was over, and in the drawing-room Mr. Tregeagle and his hostess were getting on better than ever—so well indeed that Mr. Ackland had left them to the enjoyment of each other's society and strolled out into the garden with his cigar, to find Miss Brook leaning with folded arms upon the low gate leading into Miss Milroy's spruce miniature orchard, lost in such a deep fit of thought that she did not hear his footsteps behind her, or heed Floss's small arms tugging at her waist.

She had started when the child called out his name, and had raised such a shy and blushing face to his that for a moment he could only look sadly at its sweet beauty.

It was quite as well that his little daughter was clinging to his hand to remind him that he was her father and that his hair was already streaked with gray.

He had never felt so old and grave as he felt this night, while looking down at Huldah Brook's lovely little face.

He had no time to frame any little speech to make to her, for suddenly she broke out eagerly with the question:

"Is it really all quite true, Mr. Ackland? Are you sure and certain it is?"

"Why, do you doubt it?" he said, and smiled in amusement at her childish eagerness. "Or do you think that Mr. Tregeagle wants to give you fifteen thousand pounds for the mere fun of the thing?"

"No, no—of course not! It was silly of me to ask that! It must all be true, of course; but I can hardly believe it—I can't get used to the thought of it at all."

"It is a pleasant thing to get used to, my child," he said kindly.

"Oh, yes, indeed! I'd a great deal sooner be rich than poor, if I could. Every one would, of course."

She nodded her pretty head, laughing to herself a queer little gleeful laugh, then looked at him suddenly, saying in an altogether different tone, and with an air of sudden resolution, "Mr. Ackland, if you don't mind, please, I should like to tell you something."

They had strolled away from the orchard gate, and were sitting on a seat beneath the fine sycamore on the lawn; Floss had scrambled up on her father's knee, and was leaning her drowsy little head upon his shoulder, half asleep already.

Caleb looked, as he felt, a good deal surprised.

"I am quite at your service, of course," he responded courteously.

"Oh, don't talk like that!" remonstrated Huldah; and, with a pout, she laid her hand upon his arm coaxingly. "It makes me feel as if I really was an heiress and somebody else, and I like being Mother Hubbard best!"

"Do you?"

He was both amused and pleased, not knowing that he had not been the first to bestow that quaint name upon her.

"Then, little Mother Hubbard, what is it that you want to tell me?"

"I want to tell you, but I don't know how."

Her restless fingers were at their usual fidgety trick of twisting and plaiting a fold of her blue skirt.

"Don't you remember how pleased I was last night?" she asked softly.

"I remember."

"And that I said I'd tell you why one day—only you? I really did mean to tell you why, you know, but not so soon. Things are different now, and so I want to tell you to-night."

"What is it?" he asked, looking down at her with a smile, wondering what childish secret she had taken it into her head to confide to him.

"I'm going to tell you. Did Mrs. Corolyn tell you who is to arrive at the Manor to-day?"

"Certainly—her son."

"Yes. Frank told me, and Agatha,"

Her voice sank into such a soft whisper that he could hardly hear it as she added, "That's why I'm glad."

If Floss had not been holding on tight to her father's coat with both hands, the start he gave might have unseated her.

"Why, you don't know James Ryder, child!" he said abruptly.

"Oh, yes, I do!"

"When did you make his acquaintance?" asked Caleb Ackland slowly.

"Before I came here—before you found me. He came to stay at 'The Golden Fleece.' That was why I ran away—the true reason, you know."

She spoke half daringly, half shyly, and it was not so dark but that he could see upon her face a curious, gleeful, triumphant smile.

He understood, or thought he did, and his heart sank with a sudden dull weight of pain.

He had known the must bear it sooner or later; but he had turned away from himself and refused to acknowledge as much.

To be almost gray-haired, and to love this child, his little daughter's playfellow!

It was a bitter punishment for his folly in refusing to obey the promptings of his common sense, which told him to avoid her; and it was rendered only the more bitter because he knew so well that he had never loved a woman yet as he loved her.

He had not been unhappy with his handsome wife, and he had mourned her death sincerely; but never in the height of his young infatuation, when the dashing clever woman had fascinated and beguiled the boy, had he felt for her what he now felt in his mature years for this golden-haired blue-eyed child.

He looked away from her, and was quite unconscious that her eyes were fixed intently upon his face.

When she spoke again, it was with a grave collected air, looking across the shadowy garden.

"Yes, that is really why I ran away—because of him. He said he loved me, you see; and I was silly. I thought that when a man said that to a girl he meant her to be his wife. But I listened, and found that he did not, he laughed about me—and so I ran away."

There was not a quiver of her lips or a tremor in her voice; she did not look round, and yet she was perfectly conscious that his face had suddenly turned pale, and that the strong hand upon his knee was clenched. She went on again—

"I couldn't tell Miss Georgiana that—she would have thought I was a fast, dreadful girl; and I couldn't tell you at first, because it would have made you dislike me perhaps—you might have fancied that I was not nice enough or good enough to be with Floss and play with her. I couldn't bear you all to think badly of me, and so I said nothing. And I should not have told you even now, I think, but for what Mr. Tregeagle has been telling me, which makes everything so wonderfully different. Besides, Agatha told me all about him last night. Until then I had not the least idea that he was Mrs. Corolyn's son, or that I should ever see him again, although"—with a curious sudden ring in her voice—"I have always hoped—ah, you don't know how much!—that I might one day. Now you know why I was so glad. I shall see him to-morrow—how astonished he will be! He used to say I was so pretty—he painted my portrait, you know—he will think I am still prettier now perhaps. And I am rich instead of poor. Perhaps he will think I am good enough to be his wife. Do you think he will?"

She turned to look up at Caleb Ackland, and, with her radiant blue eyes and that odd smile curving her lips, she was as perfect an enigma to him as ever woman was to man.

But he could curb his wrathful and impatient tongue no longer.

"Good heavens, child," he exclaimed, "if the scamp behaved to you as you say—and I believe he has always been a scoundrel from his very boyhood—do you mean to tell me that you will be glad to see him—that you have not forgotten him?"

She shook her little blond head with a soft laugh that died away in a long deep sigh.

"Ah, I never forget!"

"But," he persisted, uttering the words slowly and reluctantly, wincing as though he had, against his will, raised his hand to strike her a blow, "do you know that he is engaged to Agatha Woodward, my poor little girl?"

He had no definite expectation of how she would take it; but the last thing he expected to hear was the rippling, gay, audacious laugh that broke from her lips.

"Of course I know it! That's why I'm so glad. If it were not for Agatha, I should not care half so much. Now mind—you mustn't tell any one a single syllable of what I've said—will you? If you do, I'll never come to Long Cottage to play with Floss any more; and that will break her heart, little darling! So mind!"

Her little blue figure went flirting away across the grass towards the open drawing-room window, and her sweet voice came ringing back to him, gaily lilting out the verse of a song—

"Love may turn hate at the breath of fate,
And glory wither to shame;
For the seasons fly and the years roll by,
And nothing remains the same."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COWBOY.

GUESTS will please remove their pistols before entering the dining-room," was the sign which met your eye as you stepped into the office of any of the hotels in Abilene, Kansas, in the early days when that town was the headquarters of the Texas cattle trade for the United States.

"I'm a wolf, and it's my night to howl! I'm a bucking cayuse from Bitter Creek, wild and woolly and hard to curry! Whoop-pee! Every one take a drink!" were the words you could have heard uttered by some tipsy cowboy in any of the numerous drinking saloons in the same town almost any day or night during the season; and very often these words would be followed by shots from his revolvers, pointed in the air—just for the sake of hearing a noise, "Dance and move your feet quickly, or I'll fill you so full of holes your mother will take you for a flour-sifter!"

This exclamation was one often heard from one or other of the many whisky-wild frontiersmen who had picked on some greenhorn or 'tenderfoot' whom he desired to see dance, for the benefit of the crowd always to be found in the bar-rooms, and whose movements he accelerated by shooting into the floor in close proximity to his victim's feet.

"Down in time and make your game!" calls out the dealer sitting behind the faro table, at which from six to a dozen cowboys could always be found gambling, or, as they called it, "bucking the tiger."

"All hands round promenade to the bar! Take your partners for the next set!" shouts out the master of ceremonies, or "herder," as he is called, in the well patronized dance-house where cowboys, gamblers, frontiersmen, scouts, and others whiled away the hours of night in wild carousal with the representatives of that class of women who would be found in such rough company.

Such is a picture of the frolics of the cowboy in town, who, just in from Texas by the old Chisholm Trail, has 'filled up' with fighting-whisky, which was considered the proper thing to do after his three or four months' drive across the vast prairies and swollen rivers on the way.

The cattle he works with are the long-horned breed, raised on the vast plains of South-western Texas and New Mexico, which originally are supposed to have been introduced by the Spaniards.

On these plains they are allowed to roam at will; each creature bears the brand of the owner on its side or hip; the only control exercised over them being at the yearly round-up, when the calves are branded, and such full-grown cattle gathered into a herd as are needed to send to the northern markets.

It was no unusual thing for the old-time cattle-kings of the South to brand several thousand calves each year; and their ranges, obtained through the old Spanish land-grants, extended over several hundred square miles.

On these ranges, the ponies—descendants of the Spanish barb imported from Spain, and turned loose generations since—used for the work run at large, and of course are as wild as the cattle.

When the time arrives for the start to be made with a herd, the necessary number of these wild ponies are gathered, and the cowboys have eight or ten assigned to each one to ride during the drive; this necessitates good riding, courage, and recklessness.

Each morning during the drive these ponies have to be lassoed and really re-broken; for a day or two of rest will be sufficient for them to forget the control obtained over them when being ridden before.

The cattle to be sent to market are driven into an enclosure called a corral, and a second brand, called a 'road-brand,' is burnt on their sides or hips.

This is done in order that the cowboy may be able to distinguish those belonging to the herd he is attached to from those in other herds from the same range.

After the road-branding is done, the herd—usually numbering from five to fifteen hundred head—is started on the trail, with an average of twelve cowboys to each thousand head, and a foreman; and followed by a huge wagon, loaded with flour, baking-powder, bacon, coffee, sirup, sugar, and salt—the provisions for the drive, which will occupy from two to four months.

The teamster with the wagon also acts as cook for the camp; and although he would not pass muster in a first-class hotel or restaurant, yet a stranger would be astonished at the excellence of the meals he cooks in the open air despite the weather.

The distance usually traveled each day is from twelve to eighteen miles, according to the distance between water; for, when possible, the camp is made every night on the banks of a stream.

The start each morning is made at sunrise, with a mid-day stop from about ten o'clock till two; then drive again till about five o'clock in the evening, the cattle being allowed to graze and drink at these stops. At dusk the cattle are gathered together, usually on sloping ground, and bedded down, as it is called, the cowboys riding round the group singing loudly, to quiet the cattle, which after a short time lie down to rest.

Then all but two of the boys go to camp, spread their blankets on the ground, with the heavens for their only roof, and turn in to sleep, until each is wakened in his turn to keep guard over the sleeping cattle. This is called night-herding.

If the weather is stormy, then the boys may look out for hard work, for the vivid lightning and loud thunder which visit these vast prairies are almost sure to frighten the wild cattle and madden them, until they start on a stampede, running at a furious rate, regardless of all obstacles, in a vain endeavor to get away from the drenching rain and out of sight and hearing of the lightning and thunder.

At the first sign of a regular stampede, all hands are ordered out except the cook; the horses, which are kept saddled in readiness for an emergency, are mounted; and away to the front of the wildly running herd ride the cowboys, singing and shouting as they go, for, to a certain extent, the cattle will follow the human voice; and the object of the men is to lead the foremost cattle in a circle until they mix up with those in the rear of the herd; and as they crowd together—or mill, as it is called—they are checked in their mad race and gradually quieted.

Scientific and Useful.

BY STEAM.—A machine which lays railroad ties and tracks by steam power is reported to have been given a successful trial in Washington Territory a short time ago.

GARMENTS AND TENTS.—A new device has been introduced for the German army. It is a cloak, cut and finished in such a way that two of the garments together may be converted into a tent, the supports for which accompany the cloaks.

EVENING MUSIC.—A Brooklyn electrician has discovered a way to stop the cat serenading business. He has attached a wire to the back fence, and when the cats alight and begin to sing their tuneful ballads he turns on the battery. The cats are not injured but they are so surprised that they are inclined to let the fence alone thereafter.

METAL TIES.—Attempts have been made to a considerable extent to substitute metal for wooden ties on railroads, but it does not yet appear that the right kind of tie has been invented. Wood possesses the quality of yielding in just about the right degree, and a metal tie should come as near to the same degree of yielding as possible. The way the railroads are using up the stock of available timber should be an incentive to some ingenious inventor to bring out a metal tie equal to a wooden one.

COLD SOLDER.—Precipitate copper in a state of fine divison from a solution of sulphate of copper by the aid of metallic zinc. Twenty or thirty parts of the copper are mixed in a mortar with concentrated sulphuric acid, to which is afterward added seventy parts of mercury, and the whole triturated with the pestle. The amalgam produced is copiously washed with water to remove the sulphuric acid, and is then left for twelve hours. When it is required for soldering it is warmed to about the consistency of wax, and in this state it is applied to the joint, to which it adheres on cooling.

WELL-SEASONED WOOD.—If you cut down a tree in the month of its growth, and cut it right off at the butt and not trim it out any, in a few days that tree will be seasoned. "I do that," says an expert, "when we cut oak and leave the limbs on. When it is cut in June we find it seasoned in December when we go take up the winter's fire-wood. We find if it is cut when the sap is out of the wood that it soon becomes sap-rotten. If you cut beech, poplar, or birch for rails or posts, cut them in June or July and let them lie with their limbs on. You will have wood then that is not rotten. You will have fine po'es out of the birches or poplars, for they will be seasoned."

Farm and Garden.

JUMPING FENCES.—It is said that a horseshoe nailed on the forward foot of a cow or steer will prevent jumping fences, as the foot cannot spread, hence the animal cannot spring.

SUNFLOWERS.—Sunflowers are used in Wyoming Territory for fuel. The stalks, when dry, are as hard as maple wood, and make a hot fire, and the seed-heads with the seeds in are said to burn better than the best hard coal. An acre of sunflowers will furnish fuel for one stove for a year.

FOUNDATIONS.—Foundation walls for barns and stables should go down deep on low soils that are not well drained. Many walls go to ruin by failure to go a little deeper for the foundation. An exceptionally cold winter may cause damage from frost, and it is always well to bank up as much as possible.

REGULAR TIMES.—If food be not given until after the usual time, the animal is apt to eat too fast; the material from the previous meal has been exhausted, and as a result vitality is lowered, leading to imperfect digestion and assimilation, while the stores of the body have been drawn on to furnish the material necessary for vital action.

HEAVES.—One of the principal causes of heaves in horses is the feeding of dirty or dusty hay. Ordinary clean hay can always be fed with safety if properly cut up, moistened, and mixed with ground grain, but to feed the musty or dirty sorts is very injurious. Clover, owing to its liability to crumble, often gets dirty, even after storage, and should never be fed without being previously moistened.

TO FATTEN STOCK.—Any substance rich in sugar will readily fatten stock. Sweet potatoes, beets, sorghum refuse, etc., can always be used to advantage for hogs. The small and inferior sweet potatoes, cooked, will fatten a hog quicker than corn, and can be used to advantage for that purpose. Of the roots carrots are best for horses. Turnips, if thickened, when cooked, with corn meal, make excellent food for all classes of stock.

SICKNESS.—Whenever an animal shows signs of sickness remove it from the others at once, without waiting for the disease to develope. Precaution often saves time and loss. If the sickness is not contagious no harm will be done by removing the animal. Where the disease is contagious the bodies of the animals that have died should be burned or buried deep, as the disease may reappear at some future time unless precautions are used to guard against it. The whole premises should also be thoroughly disinfected.

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Of Two Minds.

Between rooted determination, no matter how unwise, and fluid uncertainty which cannot decide on a fixed course, no matter how imperative the necessity for decision—which is the more disastrous in the long run? A question hard to answer!

For if crystallization prevents growth and precludes vitality, mud is untrustworthy, and the fertility of a swamp is poisonous rather than wholesome.

To have to deal with unreasonably obstinate people is a trial to the patience of a somewhat severe kind. It is like talking of colors to the color-blind, whose infirmity is not known, and who argues from his defect, not from your perception.

Granting freely the large area of the Conditional and the small tract of the Positive—granting, too, that the old axiom about one man's meat being another man's poison extends over more ground than itself; still, there are some things which are absolutely wrong, and those who do them sin against the light of reason when they persist in their course and do not take counsel of the standers by, who see more clearly than they.

The rash youths who, without knowledge or previous training, ascend dangerous mountain heights alone; the foolish girls who, to follow the fashion, violate every law of health, and laugh to scorn all the facts of anatomy and physiology; the wilful "plungers," who drop their thousands on the turf; the credulous speculators who buy all the rubbish recommended to them by certain interested holders——all these are to be condemned when they refuse to be guided by wiser heads, and will go on as they have begun.

For if the vane of the mind is hammered fast to "determination," no advice will loosen it.

"I will do it," or "I will not do it," is the motto by which the days are ordered, and the amount of reason in the decision counts no more than the salt in a Christmas pudding.

Obstinate people indeed have seldom any reason to go by. Their determination stands instead of valid argument, and is as a wall of adamant which nothing short of an universal earthquake could overthrow.

With people of this kind there is always the sense of finality, of restriction, of mental rigidity, of intellectual death, of general moral mummydom.

They are not alive. They are crystallized and petrified. You are not able to make them go a step beyond the line they have ruled for themselves.

You cannot deflect those back bones of theirs by so much as an inch from their poker-like perpendicularity. They are emphatically inflexible, and if their course leads them on to ruin, danger, disease, death, they continue it, when once they have said they will. And if it involves those they love best in the destruction they prepare for themselves, they do not halt any the more.

They are trials to your patience truly, but at the worst you know what you have to expect. Expostulations fall dead, reasonings are mental exercises thrown away, prayers are lost like so many sighs in the wide expanse.

You have to give way, and to accept their suicidal decision if they have power over you. Or you have to let them rule themselves to their hurt if they are apart. You know it all, and there it ends; and, bad as it is, it has at least the sorry merit of the known and the certain.

But with the fluid folk you never know where you are. You are as if on a quicksand, which quivers under your feet and threatens to engulf you every minute of the day. It is a life of unstable equilibrium, where you are always toppling over, now to one side and now to the other.

With infinite trouble you have fixed your wavering friends to one point. You have stilled the shaking heads of the quivering grass, stiffened the leaflets of the sensitive plant, thrown a surface of solid-looking sand over the face of the morass. Only for a moment. Before you know where you are the fluid will has changed its centre, has overflowed and spread itself like so much untrustworthy mud over the whole mind.

On the whole, however, where both are bad, we incline to the the crystallization rather than the fluidity of the will. It is better for those connected to know the worst from the beginning than to be lured on by false hopes which make the final disappointment so much harder to bear, and which rob the final acquiescence of all its charm and grace.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but the certainty of refusal—or of tyrannous obligation—gives time for the gathering together of the energies.

A fool's paradise of false hopes is a worse dwelling-place than the stony desert of assured disappointment; and Dead Sea apples, beautiful to the eye and but dust and ashes in the mouth, are more painful on the whole than the stones which are given when bread is asked for—but stones which never disguise themselves as aught else than flint and granite—stones which never simulate loaves, cakes, nor scones, but are just what they are from the beginning to the end.

It is the misfortune of young people, before they become fully engaged in the relations of life and business, that they look too much to acquaintances for encouragement, and make the assistance which acquaintances can furnish too indispensable. The tender mind of youth is reluctant or unable to stand alone; it needs to be one of a class. Hence the hours which ought to be spent in the acquisition of that general knowledge which is so useful in after life, and which can be acquired only in youth, are thrown away in the most inglorious pursuits; for acquaintances are seldom the companions of study or the auxiliaries of business.

When a pump is frequently used, the water pours out at the first stroke because it is high; but if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low, and when you want it you must pump a long while, and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer; if we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desire and words are always ready; but if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray, for the water in the well gets low.

Hope is to a man as a bladder to a learning swimmer; it keeps him from sinking in the bosom of the waves, and by that help he may attain the exercise; but yet it many times makes him venture beyond his height, and then if that breaks, or a storm rises, he drowns without recovery. How many would die, did not hope sustain them! How many have died by hoping too much! This wonder we find in Hope, that she is both a flatterer and a true friend.

What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure, but scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable. A smile accompanied by a kind word has been known to reclaim a poor outcast, and change the whole current of a human life. Of all life's blessings none are cheaper, or more easily dispensed, than smiles. Then let us not be too chary, but scatter them freely, for life is too short to be frowned away.

The opinions expressed of society as a whole are a fair criterion of the character of the one who holds them. It is the man of unflinching integrity who has the most faith in the honesty of the community. It is the unscrupulous and slippery man who suspects roguery in every quarter, and ridicules the very idea of disinterestedness. He who complains that the world is hollow and heartless unconsciously confesses his own lack of sympathy.

Those that are the loudest in their threats are the weakest in the execution of them. In springing a mine, that which has done the most extensive mischief makes the smallest report; and again, if we consider the effect of lightning, it is probable that he who is killed by it hears no noise; but the thunderclap which follows, and which most alarms the ignorant, is the surest proof of their safety.

To know how to do ourselves is better than to know what somebody else has done. This should be an obvious truth, but some of our educators do not seem to recognise it, or why would so many years be given to the "higher branches" of an education, and so little to the useful, which have a direct application to the every-day affairs of life?

No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.

What if a man save my life with a draught that was prepared to poison me? The providence of the issue does not at all discharge the obliquity of the intent. And the same reason holds good even in religion itself. It is not the incense or the offering that is acceptable to God, but the purity and devotion of the worshipper.

Our deeds revolve about us like the planets around the sun, held in place by the centrifugal force of the will and the centripetal force of conscience. There invariably comes a time when the latter force overcomes the former, and they return upon us either to enlarge or crush us.

You will find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

Close thine ear against him that shall open his mouth secretly against another. If thou receivest not his words, they fly back and wound the reporter. If thou dost receive them, they fly forward and wound the receiver.

The ultimatum of all intellectual training is a knowledge of one's self. Thorough self-knowledge is education in its fullest sense. We are gradually approaching that point, but we shall never reach it.

Life is a crucible. We are thrown into it and tried. The actual weight and value of a man are expressed in the spiritual substance of the man. All else is dross.

Few are the faults we flatter when alone; vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt, and looks like other objects, dark by night.

Reason is the director of man's will, discovering in action what is good; for the laws of well-doing are the dictates of right reason.

There is not a heart but has its moments of longing—yearning for something better, nobler, holier than it knows now.

The World's Happenings.

There are 2750 languages.

A square mile contains 640 acres.

A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.

The average human life is 31 years.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

A ray of light travels 11,100,000 miles in a minute.

A colored baby exhibition was a feature of a recent Maine fair.

A Seattle, W. T., bootblack raised $28.95 for the yellow fever sufferers.

Four suicides have occurred in an Indiana family within a few years.

The skin of murderers, tanned, has been used to bind books in England.

Over 500,000 two cent postage stamps are sold daily in the New York postoffice.

An "eight-footed horse" was billed as an attraction at the Custer county, Dak., fair.

They say that our American railroad bridges, if placed together, would reach from New York to Liverpool.

A bride and groom, in Providence, R. I., celebrated the tying of the nuptial knot by taking a balloon voyage.

Prints from engraved copper plates first made their appearance about 1430, and were first produced in Germany.

The curvature of the earth is such that a straight line a mile long would be 2.04 inches from the surface at either end.

A boxing match between two London boys, aged 8 and 13 years respectively, resulted in the death of one of them.

A Manistee, Mich., paper lost the city printing because the editor asked the aldermen to pay their subscription bills.

The smallest people of the world are the Akkas, of Central Africa. The average height of both sexes is 4 feet 5½ inches.

A mule in Colusa county, Cal., was struck by lightning and paralyzed. It recovered after 36 hours and was as frisky as ever.

A girl 14 years old has been awarded a first premium at the Kansas State Fair for making the best brown bread on exhibition there.

The Empress of Austria is said to own 20 pet horses and twice as many dogs, after whose proper entertainment she personally sees every day.

The art of paper making has reached a point where a growing tree may be cut down, made into paper, and turned out as a newspaper, all within 36 hours.

A Syracuse, N. Y., dentist furnished a horse with five false teeth, but had only begun to brag about it when the old sorrel swallowed them down with his oats.

A Michigan man heard that his grandfather had left him a portion of his fortune, and at the appointed time went to the postoffice to get his check. It was for seventeen cents.

The three elephants in Central Park, New York, were weighed last week to see whether they fall off any in flesh during the coming winter. The three tipped the scales at 20,350 pounds.

The longest straight stretch of railway in the world is on the new Argentine Pacific railway from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes. For a distance of 211 miles the road is built without a curve.

A cigar dealer in Manheim, Pa., has a rooster which can untie shoe strings. The other day, it is related, the bird added to its reputation by pecking at a cigar which a customer was smoking and finally running away with it.

A street "fiddler" in Omaha was given a $5 gold piece in mistake for a nickel by an absent-minded person who was listening to his music. The giver did not discover his error, but the player did, and honestly returned the money.

A colored man at Waterville, Me., who has just spent three months in jail for helping himself to a barrel of flour not his own, gave as a reason for his misdemeanor the fact that he had been entertaining a good deal of company lately.

If the ordinance is strictly enforced a dog's life must be particularly hard in Waterville, Maine. It provides that "no dog shall bark, bite, howl, or in any other manner disturb the quiet of any person," on pain of death or punishment.

Two tramps feigned illness at Hawthorne, Fla., thinking thereby to get a month's free board at the pest-house. The scheme didn't work, though, and after being examined by the quarantine officers, the tramps were driven from the town.

In the clothing trade there are 241 manufacturers in New York, of whom 234 are Hebrew firms. Over 600,000,000 cigars per annum are manufactured in New York by Hebrew firms, employing over 8000 hands, and whose yearly transactions reach $15,000,000.

Chicago has an old settler who remembers well the days when the postmaster carried all the mail in his hat. The first private letter box was made out of a boot, with a part of the leg cut off. In those days, less than 30 years ago, it cost 25 cents to send a letter from New York to Chicago.

A judge at Visalia, Cal., has hit upon a novel method of clearing his district of tramps. Being arrested and taken before him, he lectures them on the enormity of their offense, pronounces them guilty, and tells them to come next day and receive sentence. Instead, they invariably leave the town at once.

A newspaper published in Flanders says that "the daily consumption of whisky by an ordinary drinker—not a drunkard—there, includes at 5.30 A. M., a 'worm-killer;' at 8 A. M., an 'eye opener;' at 11 A. M., a 'whip;' at 2 P. M., a 'digester;' at 5 P. M., 'a soldier,' and at 7.30 P. M., 'a finisher.'"

AN APPEAL.

BY A. E. M.

Lady of the dimpling cheek,
Lady of the sunny hair,
Wilt thou hearken, if I speak?
If I clamor, wilt thou care?
Lo, the granting of my prayer,
Though a boon of price to me,
Were to thee an easy task;
Never aught but this I ask—
Bind me fast or set me free!

Unto every living thing
Thou art gentle, thou art kind,
As the breathing of the spring
Borne along a southern wind;
Why then only wilt thou find
Pleasure in my misery?
Hound or hunter, bird or spray,
Ah, I love thee more than they!—
Bind me fast, or set me free.

Marjorie's Sacrifice.

BY G. FULLERTON.

THE last rays of the setting sun were tinging with rosy light the tops of those gently undulating hills which look down upon the wanderings of the River Yarrow.

Seated on a moss-grown stone, her plaid drawn loosely round her shoulders, and her pretty blue eyes gazing idly at the laughing waters as they rippled gaily over the pebbles, was a young girl of about seventeen summers.

Her smooth chestnut hair was braided simply on her white forehead, and knotted round her shapely head in thick, loose coils.

Her soft "rose-leaf," complexion was shown to advantage by a snood of bright blue ribbon, the only little bit of "vanity" permitted by the stern rules of Master John Peden, farmer of the "dales," a staunch supporter of the Solemn League and Covenant, and one of the most strenuous opposers of King Charles I., whose failing fortunes the gallant, but unfortunate, Montrose was endeavoring to retrieve.

That day Master John, at the daily "exposition" in the farm kitchen, had informed the household that the enemy's forces were quartered at Selkirk, only a few miles off, and forbidden any of the womenkind to venture beyond the precincts of the farm, "lest," said he, "ye be beguiled by the vain conceits of them who adorn the body to the perdition of the soul."

Little Marjorie had been brought up in strict seclusion. All through the week her time was occupied by the homely duties of the farm, and on the Sabbath she accompanied her father to the barn-like edifice where the minister most approved by Master Peden discoursed at such a length that too often her pretty head drooped, and her blue eyes closed gently, till she was aroused by a sharp reminder from the farmer himself.

The minister was young, and Master Peden considered it part of his duty as "leading elder" to reprove the Rev. Ebenezer Lawrie when some dangerous heretical leanings crept forth; for Ebenezer, though a strict Presbyterian, was a kindly youth, and had even ventured to remonstrate mildly when the farmer was consigning all his enemies, and most of his friends, to eternal perdition.

Perhaps this unexpected gentleness had made Mistress Marjorie look kindly on him, for Ebenezer had made some advances to the bright-eyed maiden of the farm, and had not been repulsed.

Master Peden was unaware of the minister's wooing, his thoughts being otherwise occupied, and Marjorie's mother had long been laid to rest in the little grass-grown kirkyard near.

It was a bright afternoon in the beginning of September, and Marjorie's work was done, so she had wandered along by the riverside, wondering if the "soldiers" would come anywhere near the farm, half-dreading such an event from the tales she had heard of wild Dragoons driving women and children before them at the sword's point, yet almost hoping that chance might throw in her way some gay cavalier with "vain adornment," just that she might know what these vanities were.

Thus idly musing, she bent forward to watch some trout disporting themselves behind a large stone in the middle of the stream, when the thicket behind her crackled and bent, and a tall, powerfully-built man stood suddenly before her.

Instinctively Marjorie started to her feet, for in those wild days every stranger was a foe, when the intruder, courteously raising his cap, said quickly—

"Nay, fair mistress, do not fly. I have lost my way in this country of yours, and I must be at Selkirk by sundown. Do I look like one that would harm an errant damsel, were she but half so lovely as your bonnie self?"

Emboldened by the kindly accents, frightened, and yet half pleased by a style of address to which she was so unaccustomed, Marjorie timidly raised her eyes to the speaker's face. He wore the Highland dress, but the richness of his velvet coat, and the jewels which gleamed from his sword hilt and his sporran, betrayed his rank, while the eagle's feather in his cap proclaimed him chieftain of his clan.

His features were handsome, if somewhat haughty in repose, and his bearing told of a life spent in the atmosphere of Courts.

His smile was like a ray of sunlight in its sweetness, and the poor little country maiden's heart beat fast beneath her simple bodice.

Marjorie had heard of the Highlanders, but only as wild men, burning and plundering wherever they went; but this great gentleman, who looked so kindly, and who spoke so fair, he could never be so cruel surely; she could never believe any ill of him.

Curtseying low, she strove to command her voice as she answered simply—

"You are two good miles from Selkirk, Sir, and the high road lies beyond that brae," pointing as she spoke to a small eminence a short distance from the spot where they were standing.

"Nay, pretty one, I can scarce find my way from such scant direction; wilt thou not thyself conduct me?" and he glanced admiringly at the slight figure and sweet, fair face before him.

Marjorie hesitated. Was it seemly for a modest maiden to walk beside so gay a gentleman? And yet, poor little Marjorie, how her heart pleaded for but a little longer of such company!

"I can show ye the road, sir, an ye will," she answered softly; and stepping forward, sprang lightly up the little bank of the river and led the way through the wood at the top.

The stranger followed close upon her steps, conversing gaily as they went; and when the high road was reached, Marjorie felt a strange pang at her heart as she said—

"Here, sir, we must part, for yonder lies the town of Selkirk, and I must hasten home, else will it be dark before I get there; and father will chide me."

"Chide thee, pretty one? Nay, who could be so cruel? But if thou must leave me thus, tell me when and where we may meet again? By the same riverside?—at the same lone spot at noon to-morrow?"

"I cannot, sir; I dare not," she murmured, blushing deeply, for surely this must be the beguiling of which her father had warned her; and, with a hasty reverence, she was gone.

And did she meet him there? Alas! for Master Peden's warning!

The beguiling proved too strong, and not only on the following day, but on many succeeding occasions did the little Covenanting maiden keep her tryst with Norman Grant.

The sweet blue eyes had found a vulnerable spot in the soldier's armor; and he, on whom bright glances had been showered in vain at Whitehall, felt himself strangely attracted by Marjorie's quaint, gentle ways, fair face, and scarce-concealed devotion to himself, for she loved him with her whole true heart, and the hours seemed leaden which kept her from her hero's side.

It was the evening of the 12th of September, 1645, and the Royalist chieftain waited impatiently for his rustic lady-love beneath the old oak tree just outside the gate leading to Master Peden's farm. He glanced from time to time at the lighted window of the old farm kitchen, and toyed with the hilt of his jewelled dagger as he paced up and down the rough path leading to Marjorie's home.

At length a light footstep was heard approaching, and the maiden came hurriedly to meet him, breathless, and trembling with suppressed excitement.

"Late, sweetheart," he began, playfully; but she interrupted him.

"Ah, sir! this is no time for idle dallying. In the farm, with my father, are two of Lesley's Dragoons; and I heard them say that the whole force is pushing on to-night to surprise the Marquis in the morning."

"Sayst thou so? Then, indeed, my place is no longer here," and Sir Norman hastily buckled on his sword, which had been lying on the ground beside him.

"Farewell, my bonnie bird, and trust me, I shall return in triumph when we have taught these Covenanting dogs their lesson."

He bent his lordly head and passed his arm swiftly and tenderly round Marjorie's slender waist.

"One kiss, my own, for who knows but it may be the last?"

"Who knows, indeed?"

At the sound of the unexpected voice, Marjorie uttered a faint cry, and sprang forward as if to shield her lover, for there, in the centre of the path before them, stood the minister, Ebenezer Lawrie, his face deadly pale, and his lips hard-set.

Sir Norman took a step in advance, demanding haughtily—

"I have yet to learn, sir, who you are, and how you take upon yourself to interfere?"

"A servant of the Lord," replied the other, "as surely as thou art a son of Belial; and I claim the right of the shepherd over the lambs of the flock when I bid thee leave this misguided maiden at once and for ever. 'Tis for her sake alone that I forbear to betray thee into the hands of those who seek thy destruction."

A sharp cry broke from Marjorie's pale lips.

"Ah! Master Lawrie," she entreated, "ye could not, dare not, be so cruel!—so wicked! What is his crime, save that he loves his King? And what is mine, save that I love himself? Fly," she added, turning wildly to Sir Norman, "fly before they come and find ye here, and he" (pointing to Ebenezer), "he will be silent for my sake. Yes, for I will give him all he asks," she continued, throwing herself on her knees and fixing her lovely eyes upon the rigid countenance of the minister; "all—all he asks."

"Will ye, Marjorie?" he exclaimed, eagerly. "Then, sir, fly, while there is yet time. Fly, fly, and do not tempt me; for the flesh is weak, and I misdoubt me that I am acting in the service of the Evil One in saving thee from the avengers of the Lord."

As he spoke, he stooped to raise the kneeling girl; but a buffet from the gauntleted hand of the stalwart Cavalier stretched him suddenly on the earth.

"Lay not a finger on the maiden, fellow," he exclaimed, in a voice of unconcealed contempt and fury. "I claim the first right to protect and shield her, for she shall be my bride and dame. Yes, sweetheart," he whispered, tenderly, "I dare not dally now, for duty calls me hence; but guard me this token till I come to claim mine own."

So saying, he passed upon her finger a small signet ring, and sped away through the growing twilight.

Ebenezer, meanwhile, stunned and bewildered by the blow, rose slowly to his feet, to find himself alone with Marjorie, whose fair face shone with happiness unspeakable.

"His bride! His own! It cannot be. I dare not, dare not think so; and yet he said the blessed words, and he has told me that a true knight can never break his word or stain his honor."

"Marjorie!"

The sound recalled her suddenly from her blissful dream.

"Ye have said that ye would give me all I asked. I might arouse them yet. The horses of the Dragoons stand ready in the stable, and they run quicker than your gallant's, for all his brave words."

A sudden anguish came into her eyes.

"Ah! what would ye, Master Lawrie? I would save him with my life itself."

"I do not want thy life, Marjorie. I want thyself. Say that thou will be my wife before to-morrow's sun goes down. Then is your chieftain safe."

The girl grew white to her very lips. She glanced at the stern face of the man before her.

There was no sign of relenting there. The moments were flying. Ebenezer gazed fixedly at her, and moved slowly towards the farm.

Clasping her hands over her wildly-throbbing heart, she whispered hoarsely—

"Be it so. Better that, than he should suffer aught through me."

And with a long, sobbing sigh, she sank senseless at the feet of the man who had so ruthlessly dashed the cup of joy from her trembling lips.

* * * * * *

In the old kitchen of the grey farm-house a strange group was assembled on the afternoon of the following day.

Master Peden, his stern face so set and rigid that the blood seemed frozen in veins, was standing at the rude deal table, one hand resting on his thick staff, the other on a large black Bible which lay open before him.

At the other side, pale and motionless, her fair head bent like a drooping lily, her little hands clasped loosely together, stood Marjorie, and by her side Master Ebenezer Lawrie.

There was no sound save the measured ticking of the eight-day clock, which was one of Master Peden's most valued household gods.

At length the barking of the dogs without announced the approach of a stranger; and Master Peden, commanding his voice with a slight appearance of effort, addressed his daughter—

"Marjorie Peden, from this day forth ye are no child of mine! You have been found by this godly minister in company with one of those who have cast the truth behind them, and who, on this very day, are meeting with the reward of their vile deeds.

"In company—aye, and did he not address ye in the light and sinful language of human love, disgracing and dishonoring your father and yourself, and bringing shame on the memory of her her that bore ye?

"Silence, woman!" he continued, fiercely, as poor Marjorie started and shrank beneath his scathing words.

"This godly man hath promised to espouse ye, and give ye the shelter of his name. I hear the approach of Brother Daniel Somerville, from Haydonside. I sent for him this morn in sore distress, and he will make ye Ebenezer's lawful wife; then shall ye go forth from this house for ever."

He raised his hand as he spoke; and Marjorie, drooping lower and lower, covered her face with her hands.

The door opened to admit the officiating minister, a grave elderly man, to whom Master Peden, in a few brief words, explained the situation. And, after a short ceremony, Ebenezer Lawrie and Marjorie Peden were solemnly pronounced to be man and wife.

As the concluding words passed Master Somerville's lips, there was a distant noise as of the trampling of horses and clashing of arms, and in a few moments a company of soldiers dashed up to the farm.

Hastening to the door, the minister of Haydonside inquired eagerly for news.

"The best of news," replied the leader of the band, "Montrose's army is well nigh cut to pieces at Philiphaugh. We fell on them at daybreak, covered by the mist, and our men are busy still finishing the work so bravely begun."

"Even as David slew the Amalekites," said Master Peden, sternly. "But come in, my masters, ye are welcome to the best my house affords. And you, Master Lawrie," added he, turning to his son-in-law, "the horse and cart are waiting in the yard to take you and the mistress home."

Ebenezer turned to the pale girl beside him, and asked if she was ready. With a mute sign of acquiescence, she followed him out of the house.

He went towards the stable to complete the necessary preparations; and, with a nervous glance around her, Marjorie touched one of the soldiers lightly on the arm.

"Can ye tell me," she whispered, in a voice so strangely altered that her own ear was startled by the sound, "if one Sir Norman Grant have this day been numbered with the slain?"

The man looked at her in surprise.

"Faith, mistress, I know not the names of the unbelieving dogs," he answered, carelessly; "but I heard them say that some of the chiefs were off with Montrose up the Yarrow, and we have sent some of our lads to catch them up, if possible."

A muttered "Ah, me! if so be, my heart hath not broke in vain," and Mistress Ebenezer Lawrie turned to join her husband in the yard.

The shades of night were falling as the cart containing Marjorie and the minister jolted slowly along the narrow, ill-paved road that led to the little manse of Tynecandale, whose grey walls were henceforth to imprison the poor young life so cruelly overshadowed.

Ever since they had left the farm Ebenezer had sought to engage his new-made bride in conversation; but, though she answered him in low, sweet tones, there was a sadness in her haggard eyes, a cloud of pain upon the fair young brow, that made him glad to turn his gaze away from the patient anguish written too plainly on his pale wife's face.

For some time they had driven on in silence, when a turn of the road brought them in sight of their future home.

"There, Marjorie," said Master Lawrie, "is the shelter where I hope thy sore heart may find rest, and forget all that has passed to grieve thee, cheered by my deep

and lasting affection."

She looked at him for the first time since the fatal words were uttered which made them one.

"Ye have given me a shelter, Master Lawrie, but ye broke my heart first. The God above us alone can give us rest, and He will help me to do my duty as your wife; but to forget the past—oh, my love——"

Her voice broke into a passion of bitter weeping, and she rocked herself to and fro in a very anguish of despair.

"Ah! canst thou never love me, Marjorie?"

The mournful words fell unheeded on her ear, and Ebenezer turned silently away.

Slowly and sadly they pursued their journey till, in the distance, there appeared the figure of a man hurrying rapidly to meet them.

"A runaway," said Master Lawrie, reining up his horse. "Aye, and one of Montrose's men," he added, as a nearer view disclosed the waving of the tartan and the flashing of a jewel-hilted sword. But Marjorie's eyes were opened wide, and her breath came in quick, uneven gasps.

"Norman!" she shrieked wildly; "oh, Norman!"

"The same, sweetheart," replied a voice she knew too well, as the young Cavalier approached with rapid steps. "The day is lost; and I have followed our gallant leader, who escaped with the remnant of the force. Fly with me now, for I must seek a place of refuge for my woodland dove till the King shall have his own again."

He spoke in rapid, smothered tones, for he had fought hard, fled far, and the time was short; but with a hunted look in her eyes, Marjorie put out her feeble hands as though to keep him from her.

Almost simultaneously she caught sight of the gleaming of a musket through the trees levelled full at his head; while he, unconscious of the danger, bent towards her with outstretched arms.

Terror seemed to paralyse her tongue, but a strong hand pushed Sir Norman suddenly aside, and Ebenezer, springing into the vacant place, received in his breast the bullet destined for the chief.

A stream of blood welled from the wound, and he fell heavily to the ground. Then, raising himself by a supreme effort—

"Marjorie," he muttered faintly, "forgive," and sank lifeless on the ground; while a sharp report rang through the air, and a suppressed cry from the thicket told that Sir Norman had avenged the murder of his rival.

* * * * * *

Some years later, when the Restoration had placed Charles II. on his father's throne, the little Border hamlet of Tynesandale was roused from its normal state of apathy by the appearance of a travelling carriage, accompanied by outriders—a precaution not unnecessary even then in the "dales."

The occupants of the coach were a gentleman of noble and commanding presence and a lady in the full bloom of matronly beauty.

"It was just here, Norman," said the latter, as the carriage drove slowly past a turn of the road; "I remember it so well," and she pressed her white hands to her eyes and shuddered.

"Faith, so do I, sweet dame," returned her husband. "I had but time to spring up beside thee, and fly for very life. 'Twas well the rascals were on foot, else had I looked my last in thy sweet face that day. Ah, Marjorie," and Sir Norman reverently doffed his velvet cap, while the tears rose quickly to the blue eyes of his wife, "this is a sacred spot, for here fell one who died a hero's death."

A Willing Surrender.

BY G. A. E.

IT has been a tremendous battle, but I do not by any means feel beaten yet, as I lean back comfortably in my chair to contemplate my cousin and wait for a renewal of hostilities.

I congratulate myself for the thousandth time on having such a perfect specimen of mankind for a relative.

No one, I think to myself, with a feeling of intense satisfaction, could find fault with his perfectly-built figure, small head, with its close-cropped ruddy-brown hair, determined face, and splendid moustache, and, above all, the air of distinction which makes him in my eyes a very king amongst men; but I am very far from saying all this, and Max is very far from discovering that I even think it.

"You'll make yourself look like a little cad if you wear it, he begins again presently. "The idea of a girl of your age and size wearing a great heavy necklace like that!"

"But lots of girls do wear that sort of thing," I say doggedly. The necklace in question is really so lovely that I cannot quite make up my mind not to wear it; and besides, I do not choose to be dictated to, even by Max.

"What sort of girls?" he asks indignantly.

"Do you know, Max," I say, not unwilling to change the subject, "you look very ugly with that nasty frown upon your face?"

"Anybody would frown if he had such a little donkey as you are to deal with," he answers crossly.

This is too much; even he shall not call me a donkey with impunity. For some moments I cudged my brains to think of something that will annoy him. Aha, I have it!

His mother is of German descent, and, when Max was born, she decreed that the imposing and high-sounding name of a famous Bavarian Elector should be bestowed upon him.

When he first went to school, his schoolmates used to find great pleasure in shouting after him his illustrious name in full. It was not until he had chastised nearly the whole class that they desisted; but it has made him sensitive on the subject ever since.

"Maximilian Emanuel," I say, pronouncing the words with great deliberation and emphasis, "I really cannot allow you to call me a donkey."

"Oh, bosh!" he cries, with a gesture of intense irritation.

"Oh, fie!" I remark. "You should not talk like that to a lady!"

"You shouldn't provoke me then," he answers, fixing his eye glass upon his nose and frowning down at me.

"Why, what have I done?" I ask innocently. "Do you know, my cousin," I go on before he can reply, "I don't believe you require glasses a bit. You have keener eyes than any man I have ever met."

"Possibly," he retorts calmly—"with my glasses, but not without."

"Oh, well," I persist, "you saw me in the garden this morning almost before I came in sight; and I don't believe you had them on then!"

"I had, though."

You hadn't."

"I had."

"Maxi——" I commence, but get no further, for before I can protest he lifts me up bodily, strides across the room, and, mounting upon a chair, deliberately places me upon the top of an immense bookcase which fills half one side of the library, and then, recrossing the room, sinks into my arm-chair and commences to read the newspaper assiduously.

At present he has the best of it, and for some time I content myself with dismally chanting "Max-i-mil-i-an Em-an-u-el" in various keys; but, as my adversary takes no notice, and the time passes slowly while I am in this elevated position, I think it well to temporize.

"Dost know, most mighty Elector," I ask, "that the dial points to the hour of seven, and thy humble subject has been bidden by Her Majesty Queen Crosby to a gay and festive gathering in the neighboring state of Brooklands? It is therefore time that she attire herself."

But I might never have spoken for all the notice he takes.

"Maximilian!" I say. Dead silence. "Emanuel!" No answer. "Max!"—entreatingly.

"Well, what is it?" he asks, rising and coming close to me.

"I don't know how I'm to get ready if you won't lift me down," I say meekly.

"You better have your things brought to you," he suggests sarcastically.

"That isn't a bad idea; but I don't think"—with a contemptuous glance at his tall form—"that even you could manage to get my big glass up here; and I positively refuse to get dressed without it."

"Pooh!" he rejoins witheringly. "I don't imagine it would take a very large one for you to see yourself in."

Thinking it wise to ignore this sally, I ask if he is going to lift me down.

I promise, as a thought of the finery awaiting me up-stairs flashes across my mind.

"If you ever address me in that way again," he says, as he deposits me on the ground, "I'll—I'll"—for an instant he pauses to think of something that will make even my bold spirit quail—"I'll kiss you—there!"

And he wins the battle, for during the remainder of the time I stay in the room I am as mute as a mouse.

When I am fully equipped for the party at Brooklands, I take up the cause of our quarrel—a lovely necklace of emeralds, rubies, and sapphires—and try it on.

Yes, Max was quite right—it looks almost vulgar with my white-lace dress and baby figure. I am about to take it off, when the thought of what a triumph it will be for him if he deters me; I will go down in it, but take it off the instant Max asks me.

With the obnoxious article gleaming and sparkling on my neck, I sail majestically down-stairs to where aunt Ellen and Max await me. As I enter the room a sense of shame makes me hold up my fan to prevent Max from seeing at first what I have done.

"Why, Flossie," he says, advancing towards me with a look in his eyes that makes me wish I had obeyed him, "what a gorgeous little aweil you look!"

Desirous now of concealing my face, I raise my fan still higher. As I do so, he catches sight of the necklace, and, without a word, he turns and walks calmly back to the fire.

"Don't you wish me to hear it then?" I ask humbly, unclasping it from my neck.

"What you wear is a matter of indifference to me," he answers coldly.

"Oh, indeed!" I retort. "Then I may as well put it on again."

At the words he turns quickly.

"I didn't know you had taken it off," he says, speaking in a softer voice, the frown vanishing from his face as if by magic.

"And perhaps you are not aware," I reply, really angry now, "that I am just about to put it on again."

When we reach Brooklands, dancing is in full swing.

Mrs. Crosby introduces lots of men to me, and to all appearance I have, as some folks say, "a high old time." But inwardly it is all as dust and ashes to me, for Max never comes near me, but devotes himself to a horrid girl with a shockingly low dress and suspiciously bright hair.

In addition to this, Sir William Maine, who is supposed to be a great authority on dress, asks me in Max's hearing why I wear "that ugly necklace," seeing that it quite spoils the effect of my dress.

"I like ugly things," I say sweetly.

Presently I ask him to take me back to aunt Ellen.

"Auntie," I say wearily, "would you mind going home now—that is, unless you have any particular flirtation on hand that you wish to continue?"

"No, dear; I don't think I have," she replies, laughing good temperedly. "Perhaps"—turning to my escort—'Sir William will be kind enough to see us to the carriage."

He leads aunt Ellen to the cloak-room, while I follow sedately alone. Just as we are getting into the carriage Max comes up.

"What—off already?" he asks; and then, as Sir William is about to close the door, he adds, "Wait a moment mother, I'll come with you;" and he soon reappears in his great-coat.

"What made you leave so early, Max?" inquires aunt Ellen.

"It was getting awfully stupid," he replies rather crossly; but his answer gives me the most unqualified satisfaction.

"What—has the fair Miss Trevlyn bored you already?" I ask innocently.

"Miss Trevlyn left some time ago," he answers, with a doleful laugh; and all my sense of satisfaction is dispelled.

During the rest of the journey home no one speaks a word.

All the next day there is a marked coldness between Max and myself, which puzzles and distresses aunt Ellen. In the evening Sir William Maine drops in to dinner, and I amuse myself by flirting with him in a way which surprises that good gentleman, shocks poor aunt Ellen, and reduces Max to a state of fury which is highly gratifying to me.

After Sir William's departure there is a long spell of silence; aunt Ellen sleeps, and Max is apparently so deep in his book that I make up my mind to go to bed.

"Cousin Max," I say, "may I trouble you to light my candle?"

"Certainly," he answers stiffly; "but I'm afraid I shall not do it with the grace which would have characterized Sir William's performance of even so trifling an act as the lighting of a penny dip."

"But it isn't a dip," I retort indignantly; "and Sir William Maine might not think it such a trifling act."

"I dare say not; the attraction appears to be mutual."

"What do you mean? I don't understand," I say, not over-truthfully.

But Max only laughs mocking and quotes, 'Pipe cat, dance mouse, we'll have a wedding in our good house.'"

"I am at a loss to understand you," I remark, with a great show of dignity, "so I shall wish you good night, Maximilian Emanuel;" and, with a last look at aunt Ellen's peaceful form, I retire with the delightful consciousness of having had the last word.

My rejoicing however is of short duration, for, as I am about to mount the second flight of stairs, a tall form steals behind me, and with one puff my candle is blown out; then a pair of long arms are folded round me, and a soft moustache brushes my lips.

"The brute," I remark loudly, for the edification of any one who may be near—"when he knows how afraid I am of the dark!"

The only answer I get is a triumphant laugh from the region of the hall.

The next morning Max greets me with cold politeness, and a look which seems to say, "You're welcome to your suspicions; but I'm perfectly innocent of anything that occurred last night." "Only wait, Mr. Elveseigh!" I think to myself.

"Flossie dear," my aunt asks, "do you mind giving Max his breakfast this morning, as I have to go out?"

"Not at all," I answer cheerfully, visions of revenge rising up before me. "But you must not go without having something."

"I've had my breakfast long ago, dear, and I must go at once," she replies, and departs, leaving me to the ogre's tender mercies.

"See," he begins, holding up a letter—"the postman's made a mistake! He has left a letter for Miss Carruthers. I don't know who she can be—do you?"

"Give it to me, please," I request politely.

"To you? Why should I give it to you?"

"I'm Miss Carruthers," I answer coldly.

"You? Why, you're only Flossie!" he says contemptuously. "I should get into a row if I gave Miss Carruthers's letter to you."

"Very well," I rejoin; "then you'd better eat it for breakfast, for you won't get anything else.'

"Sha'n't I?" he says, rising from his chair, and advancing threateningly towards me. "I'm not so sure that I won't have a little more of what I had for supper last night."

At this I promptly proclaim a truce, and give him his coffee without further discussion; then I open my letter, to Max's intense delight.

"What does it say?" he asks amiably, when I have finished.

"Mamma wants me home again, because Jane has a very bad cold," I answer disconsolately.

"Bother Jane! Jane's always having a cold! We're not going to part with you."

"You must not speak disrespectfully of my sister," I retort severely.

"Step-sister," he says, correcting me.

"It's the same thing."

"It isn't—or at any rate Jane isn't the same thing," he persists; and I do not feel equal to arguing with him, especially as in my inmost heart I quite agree with what he says.

"Well, I suppose I must be off," he says presently, with a sigh.

"Where to?" I ask.

'Shooting, oh, most inquisitive of fair ones!" he answers impertinently. "Do you imagine I'm in the habit of breakfasting in this get-up unless I'm bent on slaughter?"

"I'm sure I don't know; I've really never noticed."

He wisely ignores my snubbing remark, and leaves the room, returning after a few minutes' absence with his gun under his arm.

"Oh, the nasty thing!" I scream. "Is it loaded?"

"Of course not, you goose!" he answers contemptuously, laying the gun upon the table.

"Dost dare to call me a goose?" I cry, with an imposing frown. "Then die!"—picking up the gun and pointing it at him.

"You horrid little assassin!" he exclaims, laughing loudly as he tries to take it from me.

For several minutes we struggle gaily, and then suddenly there is a flash, a deafening report, and the world becomes a blank to me.

* * * * * *

It seems ages afterwards, and I am lying upon a couch awaiting my first visitor. Poor aunt Ellen is hovering round me, painfully anxious that I shall not tire myself.

"Auntie dear," I say lovingly, "how can I ever hope to thank you sufficiently for all that you have done for me since that morning?"

"By getting well, dear. It has been an anxious time from your mother not being able to leave Jane."

"Yes," I answer fondly; "but you are better than twenty step-mothers; and, if Jane has the fever, naturally I shouldn't expect her to come."

"Don't you think, Flossie darling, it would be better if Max put off his visit until to-morrow?"

I do not think so, and beg to be allowed to stop up and see him.

"Poor fellow," my aunt says—"he's grown so thin and wretched lately, perhaps it would be cruel to put him off any longer."

"Yes," I agree thoughtfully. "I wonder if he'll recognize me—he hasn't seen me for ever so long."

"Oh, yes, he has, dear!"

"Why, when?" I ask in astonishment.

"He wouldn't be kept out that night you were delirious and called out that you had shot him."

"Did I do so?" I ask, with burning cheeks.

"Yes, darling, and a great deal more besides," she answers, with a soft laugh. "But now I'm going to fetch him, so keep quite still."

After her departure I lie back with crimson cheeks, wondering how I shall ever be able to face him again. Max settles the question, for he comes straight up to where I am, and takes me in his arms, so enabling me to hide my burning cheeks against his coat.

"My little darling," he murmurs, "can you ever forgive me? I told Peter to see that the gun was unloaded, as I was in a hurry; and as long as I live I shall never forgive myself for not seeing to it personally."

"It was my fault," I whisper from my hiding-place; "I shouldn't have teased you. I never will again."

"What—do you really mean it?" he asks. "Will you never call me by my obnoxious name again?"

"Never," I answer meekly. "It was very naughty of me to do so when I knew you didn't like it."

"I believe I did like it, even in those days—from you at all events." Then he adds boldly, "It is a very good job you tried to get used to it, for it is the name of your future husband."

LIKE PAPA'S.—The precocity of eight-year-old boys has often been a theme for newspaper comment, but I think of one who is entitled to particular distinction for his brightness.

The other day he importuned his mamma for a nightshirt "just like papa's," with a pocket in it. His mother made him one, and the first night he wore it he went to bed in high glee. In the morning when his mother took the robe off, she found in the one pocket a couple of seed cakes, three matches, a toothpick, a small silver watch, several pieces of cough candy and the boy's pocket-handkerchief.

When the little fellow was questioned as to the reason for the varied assortment, he replied: "Well I thought if I got hungry in the night time I would need the seed cakes, and of course I'd want the toothpick afterward; if I wanted to see what time it was by my watch I would have to have a match, and I was afraid of coughing, so I put the candy there." His excuses were equal to his preparations, at any rate.

ONE small particle in the eye pains the whole body. Use Warner's Log Cabin Extract. It will cure many a pain.

COMING OF AGE.

THE aborignal of Australia bears no resemblance to the Indian depicted in the romantic tales of Fenimore Cooper. He does not lend himself to picturesque description, or rather he did not, for in the older colonies he has almost disappeared; and one must now go, not towards the "setting sun," but northward to find him in number.

The few aborignals of New South Wales and Victoria who still remain have been gathered into the fold of the missionary shepherd.

The Maori of New Zealand and the Kanaka of the islands are far superior beings to the native inhabitants of the mainland. The former, and especially the Maori—a wholly distinctive race—are endowed with gifts of intelligence unknown to the Australian aboriginal.

Some tribes, in olden days, had not even that elementary idea of a God which has been found among all other primitive races.

He was, in short, "a very bad lot," cruel, lazy, stupid, living the life of a wild beast, without even the beast's intelligence of building a lair.

The aboriginal lived a nomad life, wandering from place to place as scarcity of kangaroo and 'possum urged him to shift his camp.

His camp was made of mia-mias—rude shelters constructed with boughs so as to offer a sloping break to the wind and rain in the wet season.

Still he had some sort of a national life, and it preserved to a degree those principles of communal interest or morality to be found in all assemblages of human beings.

It may be an evidence of some degree of civilization or the reverse, but "marriage to a deceased wife's sister" was prohibited. On the other hand, a man could marry his mother-in-law, but instances in which this privilege was availed of are said to have been few.

The great event in a man's life was what may be termed the coming of age—that is to say, the period when a youth was admitted to all the privileges of tribal life. It was certainly a most trying and arduous business, and lasted about a twelvemonth.

A youth having arrived at the aboriginal idea of "the years of discretion" was started upon a dietary test.

He had to go upon short commons; and when he ate, if was certain foods, kangaroo tail and kidney fat being strictly prohibited. He was also partially banished from society and sent into the wilderness, presumably to meditate.

This pleasant period of probation lasted from seven to eight months. At the end of that time the old men of the tribes put their wisdly heads together and issued a proclamation naming the day for the ceremony proper—the bora, so called from *bor* or *boora*, the belt of manhood.

One man is chosen as Master of Ceremonies, and he sends a herald round to the neighboring tribes, asking them to "chum in" with his people. The herald carries a boomerang and a spear, on the point of which hangs a padymelon skin.

The invitations having been issued, the Master of Ceremonies fixes upon the spot for the ceremony, and it is decorated with typically aboriginal artistic taste.

An aboriginal's drawings are very rudimentary, his representation of a man being similar to the slate picture of a child. There is the same spherical body, with straight lines for legs and arms and other geometrical appurtenances.

The place of the bora is then decorated with pictures of men, kangaroo, and snakes carved on the bark of the trees.

The time for the ceremony has come, and the men set our from thier camps, leaving the women and youths behind them.

Arriving on the ground they proceed to clear away the bushes and make with them a semicircular bank half round the selected spot.

The aboriginal "lord of creation" now asserts his superiority over the gins or wives by making a pretended attack upon the camps of the women, who run away with their children, leaving behind, however, the neophites—that is to say, the lads over thirteen years of age who have been fasting and meditating. These return with the men to the bora.

But whilst preparations for the bora have been going on, the unhappy youths have been put through still more discipline, which tests their endurance and stomachs to the uttermost. Now, however, they reach the climax of their sufferings.

The tribes squat round on the bora ground and enjoy their fat possum and delicate snake, whilst the hapless boys look on and yearn. Two or three old men of the tribe keep sharp guard over them.

Thus a week passes, the candidates for the "belt of manhood" receiving at long intervals dishes of the most abominable and loathsome food. On the eighth day, there is a quaking of limbs among the poor youngsters. This is to be the worst event of the bora. It is "tooth-knocking day."

A grey-pated old fellow, the tribes having gathered round in a ring, makes an eloquent speech to the boys on the advantages of discipline and endurance, and then calls number one into the centre of the circle.

If he could become pale probably he would, but up he has to get, and go s forward as bravely as possible.

The old aboriginal grips him with no unnecessary ceremony, throws him on the ground, gets the head between his knees, and raising a piece of stone, lets go the jaws open and smashes out the boy's front teeth.

Presently, a rather gory spectacle—for the surgery is certainly not skillful—he returns to his fellows, and number two, three, and so on, undergo the same torture.

When the tooth knocking is over, two or three stalwart men are chosen from the tribe to inflict the torture.

They arm themselves with slight flexible rods, and the boys are called up and have to undergo a tremendous flogging. If they cry out or groan, they are reckoned to be cowards and no men.

After this they have to eat more bad food, and then for three months they are banished from the sight of men.

Once in the course of that time they are "rounded up," a fire is kindled, and, piling on damp leaves, a great volume of smoke is raised.

Through the haze they see on the opposite side the women dancing, laughing, and playing.

Once more—this time for a month—they are banished. At the end of that time, those who survive return and take part in a sham fight.

After that they are free to exercise the privileges of manhood and of members of the tribe. They get married, and let us hope, in their aboriginal way, are happy ever after.

MECHANICAL PRAYER.—The Thibetan puts his written prayers in a cylinder, which revolves on a handle, and which he twirls by the aid of a ball and chain, each revolution of the instrument counting for an offering of the enclosed petition. Sometimes he encloses these in a great drum or cylinder, which he attaches to running water as he constructs his rude flour-mills, thus "praying without ceasing" by water-power; or, in other instances, constructs great prayer windmills.

In Burmah, the Buddhist punches his prayers in long, pennant-like slips of gilt paper, which he ties to a slight bamboo stick and waves before his idol-god, each oscillation being a repetition of the prayer, of which he keeps count by a rosary numbering one hundred and eight balls. In Timbuctoo (Africa), the priest, or wizard, or medicine-man, writes prayers on a piece of board, washes it off, and, catching the water in a calabash, gives sick people to drink of it for their recovery, or sells it that it may be sprinkled over objects to improve or protect them.

Mohammedans wear Koran prayers about their persons as amulets or charms, though some of the African Mohammedans think they are ineffectual against firearms, which have been invented since Mohammed's day.

Ward saw a Mohammedan women dropping slips of paper on which prayers were written into a river, to obtain from the river-goddess immmunity from sickness.

In China, the Taoist, in case of sickness, after the performance of certain ceremonies, writes a statement on a piece of paper, which is burned by the officiating priest, who determines whether it will be answered favorably.

And in another process, a message is "sent to heaven" by writing it on paper and performing a ceremony, which enables the soul of the petitioner to leave the body, and "carry the message to heaven and bring back an answer."

In India, Mohammedans sometimes pray by proxy, wealthy persons hiring a sufficient number of men to alternate and ceaselessly read Koran prayers in their stead, the merit accruing to the employer.

LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY.—Some species of locusts are eaten at the present time in Eastern countries, and are ever esteemed a delicacy when properly cooked.

After tearing off the legs and wings and taking out the entrails, they stick them in long rows upon wooden spits, roast them at the fire, and then devour them with great zest.

There are other ways of preparing them. For example, they cook them and dress them in oil, or, having dried them, they pulverize them, and, when other food is scarce, make bread of the meal.

The Bedouins pack them with salt in close masses, which they carry in their leathern sacks. From these they cut slices as they may need them. When the Arabs have them in quantities, they roast or dry them in an oven, or boil and eat them with salt.

The Arabs in the kingdom of Morocco boil the locusts, and the Bedouins eat locusts, which are collected in great quantiies in the beginning of April, when they are easily caught.

After having been roasted a little upon the iron plate on which bread is baked, they are dried in the sun, and then put into large sacks, with the addmixture of a little salt.

They are never served up as a dish, but every one takes a handful of them when hungry. The food of John the Baptist probably consisted of such dried locusts, and not of the fruit of the carob tree.

"YOUNG man," he said, "do you respect the ladies as all men should?" "I do, indeed," responded the young man, with emotion. "And there is one of the fair sex, sir, whom I not only respect, but adore, and she adores me." "You are fortunate." "Fortunate is no name for it, my venerable friend. Why, in the summer time that girl clerks in an ice-cream and confectionery shop, and in the winter she is cashier in an oyster saloon."

ABOUT "BULLS."

A "bull" may be said to be a gross contradiction or blunder in speech. It was derived from one Obadiah Bull, a lawyer in the time of Henry VIII., who was celebrated, rather than famous, for the blunders which fell from his lips when he pleaded before the judges.

A witty Irishman, upon being asked for the definition of a bull, said: "If you see two cows lying down alone in the meadow, the one standing up is invariably a bull."

Mixed metaphors can be classed among these blunders. Justice Minister Hye, in 1848, in a speech to the Vienna students, impressively declared:

"The chariot of the Revolution is rolling along, and gnashing its teeth as it rolls."

A pan-Germanist Mayor, of a Rhineland city, said, in an address to the Emperor:

"No Austria, no Prussia, only one Germany; such were the words the mouth of your Imperial Majesty has always had in his eye."

Count Frankenberg pointed out to his countrymen the necessity of "seizing the stream of time by the forelock."

When the Russians captured the Isle of Lemnos the newspapers announced that part of the squadron remained at Candy (Candia), while the rest of it was at the island of Lemons.

At the Lord Mayor's feast, in London, it was stated that the aldermen "died on turtle," when it was obviously meant that they simply dined on it. In the report of a clergyman's sermon, "made atonement for the sins of the people," appeared as "made ointment for the skins of the people."

Prof. Phelps wrote, in the manuscript of his "Still Hour," "A dead calm at sea," but in the book it reads "A dead clam at sea."

During Theodore Hook's career as a London editor he made a large collection of blunders that had come under his notice. Among them were the following ludicrous ones: A wager to "trot a mile" on Epsom Race Course was printed "trot a mule."

A noted gourmand, appointed Secretary of State, was converted into "Secretary of Taste."

KNEW WHAT IT WAS HIMSELF.—A policeman happened to be in the front of a certain residence the other day, just in time to assist to his feet a little man, who had been fired bodily down the front steps by a big muscular female, who stood in the doorway with a mop in her hand.

"Well, sir," said the policeman, "unless you can explain your actions satisfactorily, I shall have to find it my painful duty to arrest you for disorderly conduct."

Then tears came into the little man's eyes, and with an appealing look he said to the policeman—

"My good sir, do you know what it is to be a father?"

"Do I know what it is to be a father?" replied he of the blue coat. "Do I not? I have ten children, but that cuts no figure that I can see. Can you explain the disgraceful position in which I found you, or shall I run you in?"

"One moment, please," said the little man; "I think that I can make a satisfactory explanation. I am the father of one child; a fair-haired little boy of six months. During those six months my dear wife—that's her at the door with the mop—my dear wife and I have been trying to hit upon a name, and it always results in this manner. This morning I suggested Rupert as a good name, and she thought he ought to be known as Algernon. Result: I got fired out on my neck."

"You may go," sobbed the policeman. "I now understand your position, for I have been there ten times, and my heart bleeds for you. Pray excuse these tears."

And as the brave policeman moved away, his great frame shook in a manner which showed that he was deeply touched.

QUITE UNDERSTOOD.—He had had his little speech all written out for several days beforehand, and it ran like this:

"I have called, Mr. Wealthyman, to tell you frankly that I love your daughter; and I have her assurance that my affection is returned, and I hope you will give your consent for her to become my wife. I am not a rich man, but we are young and strong and are willing to fight the battle of life together; and——" there was a good deal more of it, and he could say it all glibly before he left home; but when he stood in the presence of Papa Wealthyman, he said:

"I—I—that is—I—Mr. Wealthyman—I tell you frankly that—that—I—your daughter loves me, and—and—I have called to—to—frankly ask you to—to—to—be my wife—or—r—that is—I—we—me—or—no—we are willing to fight—that is—we—we—are young and can fight—or—no—I hope you understand me."

"YES," said old Mrs. Loosetongue, "I know when it's best to keep still about certain things, and running about talking of my neighbors is something I won't do. There's enough to tell if I wanted to, but I won't. If folks want to know that that stuck-up Mr. Lofty has a brother in a lunatic asylum they can find it out from somebody beside me; I'll not tell it to anybody. I ain't a talking person, I ain't."

DEFEAT is a school in which truth always grows strong. Though your disease baffle your physician, if you put your blood in good order with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, you can rely on finally growing well and strong. Pure blood means good health.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is reported that the Society of Florists are looking out for a national flower which is to be to the United States what the lily is to France, the rose to England, and the shamrock to Ireland. The suggestion has been made that the sunflower would be a suitable American emblem. It is big, it is hearty; it reminds one of gold, and it thrives well on any soil.

A praiseworthy energy has lately been shown by the women of Los Angeles, Cal. They have formed themselves into a Joint Stock Company, have bought some land, and have planted it with flowers and vegetables, for the cultivation of which the climate of California is so well adapted. They have also set up a depot for the sale of their garden stuff, and are, it seems, driving a lucrative business.

A Down-East clergyman, has organized among the boys of his parish a "Society of the Golden Cord." The majority of the members are newsboys, from nine to thirteen, and they are pledged to keep five rules: (1) To be loving and lovable; (2) to be pure in heart, mind, and body; (3) to pity and help the poor and weak; (4) to be kind to dumb creatures. (5) to hate all shams, meanness and dishonesty. Having signed the pledge, the boy receives the badge—a knot of golden cord.

In London, men as well as women have elected to use sticks this year, and they have been turned to most useful account. One, with a handsome silver top, contains an umbrella, which requires to be rolled and then slips into the tin-lined case formed by the stick, and is quite invisible. When in use the case is screwed on for a handle to the umbrella. Women will better appreciate the crystal-topped stick through which a watch is visible; the top raises for winding, and it is ingenious as well as pretty-looking.

The Austrian Empress seems to have succeeded fairly well in her efforts to eclipse all others at the dinner given to the Emperor of Germany. Her skirt was of yellow brocade, with a train four yards long, with a band of brown fur all around. The Empress is proud of her waist, which is one of the smallest in Europe. Her entire bodice was hidden with an incrustation of diamonds, an emerald the size of an egg forming the centre. She wore a diamond necklace with pendants of emeralds. A diamond crown, formed of single stars, was on her head, and her mass of brown hair, with feathers artistically mingled with it, fell in curling waves down her back.

That remarkable specimen of the vegetable world, the "weather plant, continues, says a Vienna correspondent, to excite considerable interest there. Men of science who on its first discovery were unwilling to express an opinion on its prognosticating virtues, now agree, after extensive experiments, that the shrub is, in truth, prophetic. Thirty-two thousand trains made during the last three years tend to prove its infallibility. The plant is a native of Corsica and Tunis. Its leaf and twig strongly resemble those of the acacia. The more delicate leaves of its upper branches foretell the state of the weather forty eight hours in advance, while its lower and harder leaves indicate all atmospheric changes three days beforehand.

A New York pawnbroker says that "probably more overcoats are "hung up" at the pawnshop for a number of months at a time than any other article, and that many well dressed young fellows of expensive habits and shallow purses seldom have more than one change of apparel out of 'hock' as they call it at a time. Many women, too, whose rage for fine apparel has carried them beyond the reasonable limit of their husband's income set on to that height of the fashion, a seal skin coat, pawn the garment regularly every spring."

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, October 8, 1888.

A complete Catalogue of our goods and prices [illegible] Spring [illegible] Mailed [illegible] to your home. Send your name and address on a postal card. [illegible]

Plain Dress G[illegible] Department [illegible] and colors [illegible] of the prettiest [illegible] every make [illegible] Tan [illegible] you see a hundred yards think the last [illegible] has been run out. But the hundredth piece [illegible] and the last one is like the first only because it's a Plaid.

Let four stand for all and the price range. The width is 40 inches in each case.

Serge ground plaided by narrow cluster-stripes. A soft, firm stuff in half a dozen colorings. 75c.

Fine serge ground, colored like a [illegible] over plaided by a brace of bright, [illegible] ground of coarse basket weave effect on [illegible] squares by bright streaks like sunshine through a [illegible], that [illegible] to the deep dark of the ground at [illegible] of [illegible] $1.25.

Ground resembling fine basket weave, parti colored and a-gleam with silk. Each square centered with a two-inch corded block; double checked with a prayer tint. $1.50.

Every plaid in this muster is all-wool or silk-and-wool.

No stone [illegible] Library Books [illegible] per Street side) to [illegible] each, [illegible] of all sorts. The [illegible] that [illegible]

Book News is your book store at [illegible] safe adviser, your book-wise friend [illegible] mazing and [illegible] of [illegible] pages [illegible] portrait of Ameche [illegible], 25,000 a year.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Our Young Folks.

TOLD BY A DIME.

BY E C STANTON.

IT was the twentieth day of December, and well I remember how bitter cold it was; although, all of what I am going to te l you, happened many years ago.

Just five days before Christmas; so you do not wonder that I had been out nearly all day, in spite of the cutting winds that penetrated through my heavy wraps.

As night came on, so did a heavy snow-storm. "Those whom Heaven has blessed with a comfortable home should be thankful such a night as this," I said aloud to myself, as, after sipping my cup of tea I drew in the shutters against the flakes that nearly blinded me.

I then pulled to the heavy crimson draperies, so that they hung in luxurious folds around the bay-window, and, drawing up a low velvet couch to the open fire-place, threw myself down with a sigh of relief.

What queer shadows the flames made on the wall as they darted to and fro. I smiled, too, as I caught myself starting when I imagined that the picture of my long-lost sister smiled at me from her station on the wall.

I began to feel very sleepy, and wondered if it was not nearly time for the folks to return. They had gone to the opera, and as all the servants had leave of absence, I was quite alone.

I counted the links in my watch chain to try to keep awake and dreamily wished that life could always be made as easy as this.

Suddenly one of the coals on the fire rolled over, and before I was aware of it, a figure supported on two spindle legs and arms to match was dancing on the fire to imaginary music.

Its head was certainly no less than a dime, with a hole punched in it, through which there was tied a fanciful piece of pink ribbon.

I felt a cold fear breaking over me as I remembered that I was alone. Or was I at the theatre and was this the play?

"Good gracious!" I gasped, and I trembled with apprehension; "what was that."

Was it only fancy that someone was calling my name?

I listened intently—there it was again!

"Lib! Lib!"

Now nearer, "Lib! Elizabeth Willis!"

I started to my feet as if a thunder-bolt had fallen, and stared hard at the lively little figure on the coals.

No, it was no play. Instead of the theatre, I was still in our own sitting-room, but what did it all mean? Was I dreaming, or was it only idle fancy?

"I can conjecture your thoughts!" came from the figure on the coals as it stopped in its wild career, settled itself on a large coal, and rested his head in his claws like hands.

"No, my dear," he went on, "you are not dreaming, this is real—reality. Understand?"

"What?" I asked, now determined to be surprised at nothing more that should happen.

"What?" and my voice sounded far away.

"Eh! what's that?" and the creature bounded up like a little fury; "so you have found your tongue at last! Most old maids like you generally have one," and he leered at me impudently enough.

"Well, to answer you," he continued; "I knew that you were alone to-night, so I came with the purpose of entertaining you."

A pause.

"What nonsense this all is!" I cried at last, bursting into a hearty peal of laughter at the idea of the ridiculousness of the whole thing.

"Nonsense!" returned the figure gravely; "nonsense! I am not talking nonsense! Don't you see that I am a dime, and I tell you what," he added, shaking his skeleton arm for my benefit; "it's dimes that makes the dollars, not the cents!"

"I came here to-night," he went on, "to tell you my story, in fact, my autobiography; I saw that word in a piece of newspaper I was wrapped in one time. As I said, I came to entertain you, and so I hope to.

"My first home was in the wallet of a very wealthy old gentleman. How well I remember the delicious coolness of the silk lining, but I was not alone, no indeed.

"A whole host of fathers, mothers, grandparents, cousins, etc., lived there with me, and I shall not soon forget how rudely they all treated me, being the only dime there.

"But one day a change of fortune came, thanks to the bad behavior of my cousin, a quarter dollar, who showed her superiority by pushing me out of the mouth of the wallet, into the pocket.

"It was very dark there, for it was made of black cloth, and not of bright silk like the wallet, although it was quite as soft.

"With this I tried to be consoled, for my friends, only too glad to get rid of such an insignificant piece, were careful not to let me in again.

"It was not long, when, to my surprise, I perceived a light shining in one corner, and on going over discovered a small hole in the pocket. Trembling with excitement, I looked out, and the sights that met my gaze, quite dazzled me!

"I was so delightfully bewildered that I scarcely thought of myself, as I fell through headlong, on to the slippery pavement below.

"My master, in the crowd, never noticed me, and I groaned inwardly as he walked away so unconcernedly, for it was terribly cold, and I was never used to being tramped underfoot in this manner.

"I had not lain there very long however, although it seemed ages to me, before I felt the pressure of a small cold hand, and immediately saw myself being carried away.

"Presently the hand unclosed, and a pretty childish face, half smothered by the long golden curls which the wind persisted in tossing about, peered delightfully into mine; while the owner of it cried almost tearfully, 'Oh your dear nice thing you; it's all mine for I found it.'

"'What lots of things I shall buy for papa now,' she exclaimed in childish innocence, at the same time, glancing eagerly at a fancy confectioner and pastry window; but in another moment, her face fell, and the dark eyes were dimmed.

"'It's mine, mine by rights,' came from under her breath; but con-cience prevailed as she said aloud, 'no! there's the gentleman that dropped it.'

"'He can have his old dime!' a little spitefully, 'so there!' and suiting the action to the word, she ran pell-mell down the street, as fast as her little feet could go.

"'Plea-e, sir!' she cried, somewhat plaintively, although she tried bravely to force a smile.

"How I pitied the poor little thing! at the same time heartily wishing I might never have to go back to my old home again.

"Her little feet were very nimble, but the slippery side-walk proved treacherous; for hardly had the words escaped her lips, when she fell to the ground with a cry of pain.

"The left wrist was bent under her, while the right hand held me convulsively.

"My dear old master was the first to see the accident, and going over to her with his face full of alarm gently raised her in his arms.

"'Oh my hand!' she moaned piteously, as he carried her over to a large handsome house on the opposite side of the street.

"'Oh my hand!' and the dark eyes suddenly closed; she had fainted!

"The door was opened by a colored butler in white livery, and with surprise written on his dark face, he showed my master to a room over-head.

"I had been in this room before, but I knew that it was not master's home, although his was quite as handsome.

"He laid his senseless burden, on a crimson lounge, and, to the servant waiting, inquired for Mrs. Douglass.

"'Why brother John! how—'

"But the greeting of a white-haired stately old lady who just then entered the room, clad in an evening costume of black velvet, was cut short at the sight of her brother's upraised hand and grave face, and the quiet little patient, on the lounge.

"'Mercy John! what is the matter?' and the somewhat haughty lines of the lady's face softened, as her gaze fell upon the thinly clad child, with the pale, pitiful, yet beautiful, upturned face.

"'Poor dear!' she murmured as her brother explained the accident.

"'How pretty it is,' she said again as she brushed the golden ringlets back from the marble brow, and carefully bound up the injured hand in soft linen.

"Slowly, the dark eyes opened and a wail of Oh papa!" broke from the white lips.

"'Don't fret darling,' said the old lady bending over, with a spoonful of cordial, which she poured down her throat.

"'You fell and sprained your wrist, don't you remember? and this gentleman brought you in here. You were very cold' she added 'so I think you had better lie here till you get warm and something to eat.'

'Just then a servant entered the room with a tray on which lay an appetizing little supper, that the child ate with a keen relish.

"'I remember now,' said the child lying back on the lounge as she concluded her supper; 'I remember, I was just coming home from Maysie's, when I found this, and when I ran after the old gentleman I fell.'

"'That's all I know. How kind he was to bring me here, and how good you are to me, but I forgot he dropped this. Will you give it to him, lady?' and she held me up to view, with an odd look in her dark eyes.

"'Am I that gentleman,' said my old master bending over her smilingly.

"'Why yes you are!' cried the child, a pleased expression lighting up her face.

"'I did want to keep the dime, oh so much, but I—I—thought I wouldn't, and I'm so glad I didn't; you're so kind,' treasuringly.

"'Daughter,' said my old master taking her hand in his, 'your story has pleased as well as amused me very much.'

"'And what is your name, child?' he inquired suddenly.

"'Abagail Stanley; but papa just calls me Abby, or daughter.'

"As the name fell on my old master's ear, he look started, while his hands trembled, and his eyes gleamed strangely.

"'Yes, sir,' answered Abby simply, 'but if you only knew my papa. Oh we love each other so much and he's the handsomest man in the wide world,' clasping her hands enthusiastically; 'but oh dear see how dark it is. I must go, papa will be so frightened!' she exclaimed.

"'Hal. the first cab,' said Mrs. Douglass to the servant that had just answered a summons of the bell; 'and now my dear, when you tell us where you live, you shall be driven home in the cab, which will be here in half an hour.'

"'I live 22½ Kearney street, room No. 4,' answered Abby eagerly.

"'How old are you Abby?' asked my master.

"'Most eight,' was the reply.

"'But have you no mother, my child?' inquired Mrs. Douglass, sympathizingly.

"'Oh, yes!' answered wee Abby, her face flushing warmly, 'but you see, she went to heaven when I was only a little baby; but papa and I look at her picture every night, and papa cries sometimes, till I get so frightened, that he has to go out into the hall. Sometimes when he thinks I'm sleeping, he says: "Poor Lilly, poor little faded flower," and then he looks at mama's picture again.'

"'Did he love her so much then?' asked Mrs. Douglass, turning away to hide a tear.

"'Yes, indeed,' returned Abby, reassuringly, turning and looking at a picture of a lovely young girl, hanging in a gilt frame on the wall.

"'How that makes me think of mama,' she said innocently, and pointing to the picture; 'only in the picture papa has, her hair is bound in a comb, and there, it is hanging in curls.'

"'Papa painted mama's picture himself;' Abby went on, 'and he has it in a little locket that hangs to his watch-chain.'

"'Did you ever hear your papa speak of a grand-pa?' inquired my master, telegraphing a meaning glance to Mrs. Douglass.

"'Yes, I asked him once why I hadn't any grandpa, for Maysie has one, but he only said that he wouldn't know grandpa Stanley if he met him, and that grandpa Willis wouldn't own the daughter of a man who was only a poor artist, and married a young heiress unknown'st to her father, without a cent to bless himself with. I asked papa what that meant, but he kissed me, and said little girls shouldn't ask questions like that.'

"'There's the cab now,' said Mrs. Douglass, as a dark face peered in for a moment.

"'Come, Abby,' and wrapping her in a warm woolen shawl, my master carried her down into the hallway.

"'Please, sir, here is the dime,' said Abby, with a bright smile, as she handed me to him.

"'Thank you,' said my master quietly, and taking a sharp instrument from his pocket he bored a hole in me.

"'You cannot spend that now,' he said smiling, 'and you will not need to;' and he tied me back to her.

"'Nay, I will do more!' cried Mrs. D., coming forward, and snatching a loop of pink ribbon that lay nestled in the folds of her velvet dress, she ran it through the newly made hole and strung me around Abby's neck.

"Looking up, Abby's eyes spoke her thanks, more eloquently than words could do.

"'Come, it is time to go now,' said my master suddenly, and before a word of parting could be spoken, he wrapped the shawl more closely about her, and carried her out into the street.

"'Will you say, "good night, grandpa," to please me,' said my poor old master, in a husky voice as they went down the broad steps.

"'Goodnight grandpa!' said the little one pressing her babyish mouth against his with red cheek.

"Then the cab door closed, and we—Abby and I, were whirled away to her desolate home.

"'Twenty-two-and-a-half Kearney St.,' shouted the driver at last, and my little mistress all too eager, stepped out, as daintily as any lady.

"A crowd, had already gathered about the cab, for I afterward learned that a vehicle of this kind, was a rare occurrence in the neighborhood.

"A tall; prim, sandy-haired woman met us in the doorway of a decent little boarding house.

"'Why you bad, bad, wicked girl!' she almost screamed, catching poor Abby roughly by the arm.

"How dare you, you little impereuce, stay out so late. There, it's near 8 o'clock, this cold night, a-catchin your death!'

"'Yere pa's been a worritin' ever since dark and jest now has gone to look for ye, you good for naught little hussy. H'if I was yere pa I'd spank yere good; yere wouldn't do it again, if yere was my gal. Stop yere screamin now! and Lor a mammy! what's the matter with yere hand?' cried that good soul, for the first time her righteous eyes fell upon that injured organ.

"'Where did ye get this shorl? Where on h'earth have ye bin, anyhow?' said poor Mrs. Ginn, the landlady, I found out, groaning aloud.

"'Go right straight to bed, or I'll send the bogies after ye!' she yelled again at the little retreating figure on the stairs.

"Poor little girl, how I longed to comfort her, when sob after sob broke from her angry little heart, as she entered the room she shared with her father.

"A kerosene lamp, standing on a table in the centre, shed a dim light over the little apartment. The floor was covered with a dingy ingrain, and a few chairs lay scattered about. A bed with coarse, but spotless linen stood at one end of the room, while at the other end, stood a tall and very handsome ebony cabinet, filled with curiosities, which Abby loved to place in order.

"A small chest of drawers, with a looking-glass constituted the rest of the furniture, with the exception of an easel with a half finished landscape, which stood against the wall.

"Little Abby is quietly sleeping, for, fearing that the allusion to the bogies might come true, if she did not go to bed, she had hastened to obey the command, in spite of her fears that papa might come in and find her sleeping.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

RUB LIGHTLY.

A story is told of a dignitary of a Church who somewhat astonished an audience of young clergymen by taking the above words as the text of an address, in which he impressed upon his hearers the importance of tact in dealing with their lay brethern.

Speaking generally it may be said that in every walk in life, delicate treatment and gentle handling are often the secret of success with both persons and things.

The great gift of tact, so difficult to define, so easy to appreciate and admire, is nothing more than the art which enables its possessors to "rub lightly" in all the relations of life.

The instinct which helps us to understand characters widely different, which gives us a quick perception of the susceptibilities and peculiarities of others, is essential to all who aspire to deal successfully with their fellow-men.

Even in the most commonplace duties of every-day life the art of rubbing lightly will often enable us to overcome difficulties and obstacles which have resisted all rougher methods. The servant who possesses a "light hand" is indeed a "treasure" in the eyes of her mistress, and will succeed in many little duties where clumsy fingers would utterly fail.

Though of most importance, and seen in its highest form in the world at large, there is ample scope for the exercise of tact in the narrower circle of home-life and social gatherings.

And here it may be observed that this natural instinct and insight into character, connected as it is with the finer feelings of our nature, is seen more commonly and in a higher degree among women than among men.

Who does not admire the ready tact which enables a popular hostess to make a mixed party "go off," or, in other words, to harmonize the somewhat discordant element of a miscellaneous assemblage.

"What can equal woman's tact," says Oliver Wendell Holmes; "her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature, as the warm and cool currents of talk blow by turns?"

If we consider the importance of tact in the wider relations of life, we shall find that those who can rub lightly achieve a large measure of success in dealing with others.

Perhaps the value of tact will be most readily and most commonly recognized in the region of diplomacy.

And while it may be said to attain its highest development in the successful ambassador who carries on negotiations of the most delicate nature, on which the issues of peace or war may depend, it is of almost equal importance to the great party leader, the popular bishop, the eminent physician, the successful head-master.

One and all of these in their different spheres carry out more or less unconsciously the principle of rubbing lightly in their intercourse with their fellow-men.

If it be too much to say that "tact is success" in life, it may at anyrate be safely asserted that to those whose work consists mainly in managing or influencing others, the art of rubbing lightly is a most important factor in the attainment of popularity.

HIS FRIEND'S BAG.—A gentleman rushing along in quest of a seat in a crowded train spies one next to a stout passenger. But no! it is occupied by a black bag. Turning to the stout passenger he says—

"Engaged?"

"Yes; my friend has just gone out; he will be back directly."

The first-named gentlemen gets into the seat, saying, quietly—

"I will give up the seat as soon as your friend turns up."

The signal is given to start.

"Your friend had better look sharp," says the traveller; "the train is moving." And then he adds, in a tone of regret, "Ay, your friend has missed the train! But he shall not lose his luggage, at any rate," and he flings the black bag out of the window.

The stout passenger here gets up in a rage, and is just in time to catch a glimpse of the bag—his bag of course—as it rolls on the platform.

A most dangerous fireworks display was made in New York on Friday night. It was due to the mischievousness of a lad who placed a Roman candle in the whip socket of a wagon loaded with fireworks. The entire lot exploded, and bullets from the Roman candles went in all directions, but fortunately only the driver and the boy were injured, the latter so badly that his death resulted.

FAN—Oh, Lil, when is your friend's marriage coming off? Do tell her to have pity on her friends and let it be soon, so we shall hear about something else. Lil—You won't have much longer to wait. She and Tom have quarreled every day for a week, and I believe that's the last stage of necessary preparation.

Of all mental gifts, the rarest is intellectual patience; and the last lesson of culture is to believe in difficulties which are invisible to ourselves.

THOSE SWEET OLD DAYS.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

O the songs we sang in those sweet old days,
When the fire of youth was all ablaze!
How the haunting strains of those sweet refrains,
Come echoing back from the years!
I miss the time and I lose the rhyme,
But the melody still appears;
And I love to croon those dear old lays,
While the soft accompaniment memory plays.

O the tales we told in those sweet old days,
When life for us had a gayer phase!
I but half recall the entranced thrall
They cast about my soul;
But the pearls of thought that to me they brought
Still gleam like a living coal.
And I love to quote those dear old tales
When memory's hand the page unveils.

O the dreams we dreamed in those sweet old days,
When into the Future we turned our gaze!
The marvelous power that Fate was to shower
Remains but a vision still;
But streaks of the glee they roused in me,
Yet send to my heart a thrill.
And I love to muse on those dear old dreams,
While Memory's lamp casts flickering beams.

O the life we've lived since those dear old days,
When we started to journey on different ways!
Tho' the bond is broken—the farewell spoken,
The songs, and stories, and dreams all done;
Tho' Fate has bereft us and little is left us,
Yet pleasure is not all gone.
The substance is lost, but the shadow remains
To bless us with memories that lessen our pains.

CONCERNING SALT.

The following is a very simple and general description of the process followed in obtaining salt at the mines:

First, the blasting of the mine. A shot hole is drilled with an arrow-headed rod of iron some eight feet in length. The hole is cleared of every particle of dust and then charged with several ounces of coarse powder, some salt being laid on the top. A straw filled with fine powder is then placed in the shot hole, and the charge is fired with a piece of cotton-wick.

In a second or two the charge explodes, and many tons of rock salt are blown outward to a short distance.

These fragments are then collected, placed in baskets and pushed on rails to the mouth of the pit. They are then raised by steam power.

In Cheshire there are constant brine springs in working, as well as rock salt mining. To raise the brine various methods are adopted. Not very many years ago it was raised by human labor: men, half naked, descending to the pit by stairs, and drawing up the water in leathern buckets. Water-wheels, windmills and horse-power took their place; and these, in their turn have given place completely to steam.

The brine is pumped up through a series of iron tubes called "trees." It is then carried across the yard in a wooden trough, fixed to the tops of the "trees," and emptied into a vast cistern or reservoir. Here, while it remains unagitated, an iron gray scum forms on the top; which is filled with bubbles. A quantity of rock-salt is kept in the reservoirs, to ensure the complete saturation of the brine.

This salt-water is now ready for the process of manufacture into table salt by means of artificial evaporation.

The brine is made to flow through pipes into the evaporating pans. These are large square or circular vessels, made of wrought iron, and supported on brick furnaces, which extend beneath the pans. Some of these pans are sixty feet long and forty feet wide, while others are considerably larger even than that. Over furnace and pan is a wooden shed, to keep out all cold air.

The pans being filled with brine, the fires are lighted, and the work of evaporation begins.

After a short lapse of time, a man takes his place on a platform at the edge of the pan. His business is that of "raking." He throws out constantly into the midst of the boiling fluid a long iron rake, with which he draws to the surface of the fluid masses a fine white substance which had settled at the bottom.

As soon as the brine begins to boil, the salt rises to the surface in a kind of scum, and then, after a short time, it sinks slowly to the bottom, when it is drawn together and lifted out with a large perforated "skimmer," all the brine escaping through the holes as it is being lifted.

The salt is then placed in little wooden tubs, also bored with holes, set round in spaces by the side of the pan.

Having filled a certain number of these tubs, the man "baps," or smooths, the salt carefully over, and sets the batch on a kind of hurdle, to be conveyed to the drying-room—a long, low chamber, highly heated by flues extending from the furnace. The spaces between the flues which are called "ditches," are really drains to carry off the water from the tubs. After a certain exposure here the salt becomes thoroughly solid; then it is removed in the oblong blocks in which it is sold.

The production of the different kinds of salt is determined by the degree of heat to which the brine is exposed, and the time thus allowed for the process of detachment from other salts and for crystalization.

The process we have more particularly described above is that of "lump-salt." What is called "Butter Salt"—the finest of all—is made in circular pans, completely covered over; the salt, as it settles at the bottom, being "raked" by a mechanical process of leverage into what is called a "hopper," a kind of square tub, placed at the side of the pan.

"Common salt" is made in pans which are never heated to the boiling point. "Rough salt" is made from brine just warmed through, and no more. The pans in this case are only cleared about once a week; and the salt being very coarse in the grain, is much in demand for salting herrings and such things.

"Fishery salt" is coarser still: it is only drawn once a fortnight or so, with grains sometimes as much as half an inch long. This is entirely used for salting fish. To aid in purifying the salt, a pinch of soft soap or glue is generally thrown into the brine, and the pans are kept always full.

Thus the descriptions of crystals of the salt obtained from the brine varies precisely according to the degree of heat used in the evaporating process.

A temperature of 120 degrees will produce bay salt, whereas a temperature of 225 degrees is necessary for producing the finest table salt, which, as we have seen, cannot be obtained in open pans. Within this range of temperature all the different forms of salt-crystals are deposited.

The workers have heavy, heating labor and long hours—and many must perform night work, as the fires must be kept up, and the pans never allowed to become exhausted.

Salt in early times was symbolical of favor and goodwill, and covenants of friendship were ratified by this gift. In the Old Testament even we have the covenant of salt.

Among Jews and Greeks and Romans, as well as among less civilized tribes, salt was used in their sacrifices as emblematic of fidelity, and for some reason or other, it also came to be regarded as a charm against witchcraft and evil influence or fascination.

Salt is a symbol of hospitality all over the East. To have eaten of a man's salt means that he is your friend, and to be false to your salt is to descend to the level of a betrayer and a traitor. Among the Arabs, perhaps, this sentiment is carried to the highest pitch.

Grains of Gold.

Remorse is the offspring of neglected opportunity.

Better go to bed supperless than to get up in debt.

Envy is a row of hooks on which we hang grudges.

Education is the bunch of keys that opens nature's doors.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

It requires more courage not to strike back than it does to strike.

In feeding the intellect be careful that you do not starve the conscience.

Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Many actions, like the Rhone, have two sources—one pure, the other impure.

He who does evil that good may come pays a toll to the Devil to let him into heaven.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying.

What though we do fail to-day? That very failure may be the cause of success to-morrow.

If the parent sow not the seed of right cousness in the child's heart, others will sow it with tares.

We should not be too eager to ring the change of other men's motives on our own counter of rectitude.

Femininities.

Beauty is like an almanac; if it last a year it is well.

The great woman question: "What did she have on?"

A crust of stale bread will remove spots from wall paper.

Camphene and sand will remove paint spots from glass.

Domestic pursuit—Chasing the gudeman with a broomstick.

Some belles captivate with artless heart; others with heartless art.

Monogram stockings are said to command as much as $250 a pair.

A New York girl has varied the custom by being married at sunrise.

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.

Edith Brinkman, of Racine, Wis., lost her life by falling out of bed.

The veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.

A girl's luncheon described in three words—Giggle, gabble, gobble.

The "bang" is going out of fashion in London, and high, intellectual foreheads are again the mode.

Every step of progress which the world has made has been from scaffold to scaffold, and from stake to stake.

The beginning and end of love are marked by the embarrassment felt when the parties are left to themselves.

If virtue promises happiness, prosperity and peace, then progress in virtue is certainly progress in each of these.

In ribbons need renewing wash them in cool suds, made of soap, and iron when damp. Cover with a clean cloth and iron over it.

The Germans think "There are only two good women in the world; one of them is dead, and the other is not to be found."

A high temper in a woman doesn't do very much harm, if she's an old maid; but if she has a husband it's a different thing.

No matter what the subject of conversation may be when two women meet at the back-yard fence, there is much to be said on both sides.

In mixing a mustard plaster, mix the mustard with white of egg instead of water. The plaster will then be much less likely to cause the skin to blister.

If you wish to keep a sharp knife don't put it in hot grease. Stir your potatoes while frying or turn meat with a fork or an old case knife kept on purpose.

A St. Paul woman, while waiting in a dentist's office to have a tooth pulled, fell on her knees and prayed to Heaven to give her strength to undergo the ordeal.

A new magazine page-cutter is decidedly unique. The design is a long-beaked bird's head, and by pressing the latter the two bills are made to play the part of a pair of scissors.

"It's terrible!" exclaimed an old lady, upon reading of a premature burial; "and I know that when I die I'll be worrying all the time I'm in the grave for fear I've been buried alive."

In order to ventilate a room properly you need to open the windows both top and bottom. Fresh air comes in at the bottom; foul air goes out at the top. Thus a friend is admitted and a foe is expelled.

An Illinois woman, who died a few days since, took to her bed nine years ago, declaring that she would never leave it till she died, because her son married a girl whom she did not like, and she kept her word.

An odd perpetual calendar is a silvered crescent, on the lower horn of which sits a blinking owl. The day, month and year are shown by duly marked ribbons, which slide through slots in the crescent's face."

The "beautiful blonde" and the "handsome brunette" are still at the front in nearly every escapade or crime with a woman in it. The plain, sweet, sensible, every-day girl appears to be the safest and the best.

The Delaware county, Pa., farmer who recently advertised for a wife, has already received over 100 letters from women of various ages, who are willing to marry him. The advertiser is said to be 60 years old and very well to do.

If there is any fear that a bed not usually slept in is damp, put a bright looking-glass between the sheets and cover it up. In a few minutes examine it. If its surface is dimmed there is cause for uneasiness. If a bright looking-glass is not at hand, a tumbler warmed and turned upside down will answer the same purpose.

Queen Christine, of Spain, is said to be one of the finest women swimmers in the world. She recently swam across the Bay of St. Sebastian, followed for security by a boat. The passage took three-quarters of an hour. Four ladies tried to swim along with the Queen, but gave up after a quarter of an hour, and were taken into the boat and dried.

Philanthropic Mme. Batliol, of France, established some time ago an annual prize of 10,000 francs to the most deserving and industrious young woman. The prize has been awarded this year by the appointed jury to Mlle. Terminaux, who has for years kept her father, mother and half a dozen brothers and sisters by being a "cutter-out" in a millinery shop.

A physician asserts that there are many young ladies who use belladonna to give brilliancy to their eyes, and that it is a curious fact that more ladies use it who have light eyes than those who possess dark ones. It is hardly necessary to state that the practice is a most injurious one. It not only causes partial blindness, but also affects the nerves of the face, which produces a muscular contraction.

Masculinities.

I hold him to be dead in whom shame is dead.

The wisest fellows, we think, are those who agree with us.

Ventilated suspenders are the latest hygienic development.

If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

Nothing is really beautiful but truth, and truth alone is lovely.

By silence I hear other men's imperfections and conceal my own.

Wisdom is the talent of buying virtuous pleasures at the cheapest rate.

Men will work harder for a day's pleasure than they will for a week's wages.

A million dollars goes a long way towards making an ordinary citizen a statesman.

There is apt to be a dispute when you don't make your bargain until the work is done.

No men are perfect. Some men think they are, and enjoy their belief all by themselves.

If most people only knew as much as they think they know they wouldn't talk so much about it.

Malaria is a malady that a doctor says you have got when he doesn't know what's the matter with you.

A reporter of Manchester, Eng., being unable to find any startling news, attempted suicide and wrote a column about it.

Man ought always to have something which he prefers to life; otherwise life itself will appear to him tiresome and void.

If it were the fashion for men to wear bustles they wouldn't know how to sit down. Another evidence of women's superiority.

Inkstands for travelers, in outward appearance representing packing boxes or express bundles, are a novelty in leather goods.

In ash trays a spider in bright silver finish on a dull finished cobweb is an odd design. Ruby eyes give the insect a peculiarly ferocious expression.

Death is as near to the young as to the old. Here is all the difference: Death stands behind the young man's back, before the old man's face.

It is one of the worst effects of prosperity to make a man a vortex, instead of a fountain; so that, instead of throwing out, he learns only to draw in.

A man's reputation for wisdom does not depend one-half so much upon his knowledge as it does upon the skill he has acquired in concealing his ignorance.

A physician has discovered that the older a man grows the smaller his brain becomes. This explains why the young men know everything and old men know nothing.

Simplicity is showing itself in the style of watch-guards. The judges of fashion are almost unanimous in approving a small gold cable unadorned by any pendants.

The poorest kind of a poor man is a poor lawyer. He is too proud to work, and, believing the world owes him a living, is shabby enough to want to sue everybody in it for damages.

Six autumn sermons, by a clergyman of Jersey City, have these headings: "Shall We Play Cards?" "Shall We Dance?" "Shall We Attend the Theatre?" "Shall We Read Novels?" "Shall We Drink?" "Shall We Use Tobacco?"

For men of a sportive turn match safes are being made in fishing, boating, cycling and base ball designs. Gold scarf-pins are similarly ornamented. Another new idea in pins is a large rough diamond bound firmly by a slender gold cable.

An inordinate appetite is one of the peculiarities of a New Yorker, whose wife has applied to the Charities Commissioners to have him committed to a hospital for the insane. She states that he ate 25 eggs at one meal, a few days ago, and 19 tomatoes at the next.

Persons who respond to an advertisement that promises "twenty-five useful household articles for 25 cents" are receiving by return mail a literally pointed response—25 needles! The surprising thing about it is that the sharp who operates the scheme doesn't send pins, as they are cheaper.

A man can always tell exactly how tall he is by walking through a low doorway in the dark. Next morning he can measure the height of the door, and then measure from where it struck to the top of his head, add the two together, subtract the swearing and multiply by what o'clock it was when he got home, and the result will be his net height.

Eugene Bloc, 14 years of age, recently committed suicide in Paris on account of unreciprocated affection. He fell in love with a plaster cast of Venus in his father's house, and would stand gazing at it for hours. The boy neglected his studies, and his father grew angry and broke the statue into pieces. Eugene went to his room, twisted a sheet around his neck and strangled himself.

Professor Adams, of Cornell University, in a recent address advised students "not to rely on professors to do your work. Don't lessen individual effort. Herein is the success of self-made men. The men whom the world wants are those who do better than is expected of them. Sometimes they are without a college education, as Franklin and Lincoln, who got a real liberal education and become monarchs in the domain of thought."

A lady who has given the subject much attention is authority for the declaration, says a Southern paper, that in kissing all men kiss with too much force. A kiss to be appreciated by a girl, she says, must be gentle and not rough, and under no circumstances should have any suggestions of tobacco or John Barleycorn. As the result of comparing notes with many lady friends, married and engaged, she asserts that the kisses of three-fourths of mankind, husbands, lovers and brothers, are "smoky."

Recent Book Issues.

Peterson & Bros., of this city, have published in a twenty-five cent edition, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' novel, "Lord Hope's Choice."

Lippincott & Co. have just published in their excellent series of American novels, two stories of great interest: 'Sinfire," by Julian Hawthorne, and "Douglass Duane," by Edgar Fawcett. Both are in one well-printed and good-papered volume. Price, 50 cents.

Martha Finley, the well-known authoress of The Elsie Books, has added still another to the series entitled "Christmas with Grandmother Elsie." Like all the rest, it is a story full of interest and good lessons, primarily, perhaps, for the younger folks, but not without value likewise for the older ones. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers. For sale by Lippincott. Price, $1.25.

The new volume in Ticknor's Paper Series is "Doctor Ben," a very remarkable story of Canadian life, and the vagaries of alienated minds. It has one of the best Irish characters in all the wide range of literature. "We have read the story of "Doctor Ben" with the greatest interest. It is a story "with a purpose," but with incident and plot enough to satisfy the most insatiate novel-reader, while the purpose is so admirably wrought out that the reader is filled with the author's enthusiasm. Price, 50 cents.

"Miss Lou" is undoubtedly one of, if not the best, of the late Rev. E. P. Roe's more recent works. Taking a remote plantation in the South, near the close of the war as the scene of action, the author has invested his story with much interest by reason of the variety of characters he has drawn to that spot. A cavalry raid forms the chief theme of the story, which shows how an innocent, unconventional girl passes through many vicissitudes unscathed, because of her fidelity to her unperverted womanhood. The different phases of negro character are also brought to the fore, and form by no means the least entertaining portion of the book, especially in their reliance on and faith in their young mistress. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, $1 50.

FORTY DAYS' FAST.—Speaking of his forty days' fast, Dr. Tanner said the other day to a reporter: The fact is, with most people the body rules the mind, while the reverse should be the case—the mind should control the body. Appetite, and it may be a depraved one, clamors for this or that desired article, and people rush off to gratify it. When I began my forty days' fasting I said to my stomach:

"Here, old fellow, I have a job for you. I want you to take a good, long rest, and I want no grumbling about it."

That settled it. At 10 o'clock of the last day of my fast, when I had only two hours to go, a little child that was in the room where I was, thrust a ripe peach under my nose. I had so little longer to go without eating that I relaxed my will power, and truly my greatest sufferings were during the last two hours of my fast.

But the first thing I did when the clock struck twelve was to eat a large yellow peach, although I had to almost fight for it. Then I drank about a quart of milk; and then I tackled the watermelon, and it did not kill me, as all the doctors on both sides of the water thought it would. In fact, I suffered no inconvenience whatever, and in eight days I had regained all the flesh I had lost during my forty days without food.

In appearance, Dr. Tanner is a short, stockily built little man, with gray mutton-chop whiskers, firm-set mouth; keen, gray eyes; chin and mouth indicative of much will power and determination.

THE ANEMONE.—Few flowers have earned a greater notoriety than the anemone, the wild variety being one of the most fairy-like ornaments of our woods. Thus, mingled with the hyacinth, we are told how, "Thickly strewn in woodland bowers, Anemones their stars unfold."

The legendary origin of this flower represents it as sprung from the tears of Venus shed over Adonis when killed by a boar which he had wounded in the chase. Ovid's account is somewhat different, for according to his version, Venus, to commemorate her grief, changed the body of Adonis into the anemone.

Its mystic origin probably accounts for the wonderful properties which were ascribed to it in olden times, for it is related how the magicians and wise men ordered that every person should gather the first anemone he saw in the year with these words, "I gather thee for a remedy against disease."

The flower was then carefully placed in scarlet cloth and preserved, and, if at any time the gatherer became indisposed, was tied as an amulet round the neck or arm. It was held in great estimation by the Romans, who formed it into wreaths for the head, for which it is still in request in some parts of the old world.

THE poultice which draws out a man's virtues is the sod that covers his grave. If you don't want all your virtues known too soon, regulate your regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. It makes pure blood which gives sound health. Largest bottle in market—120 doses for $1. Druggists.

THE SPIDER.

IN company with the ant, bee and wasp, the spider holds a distinguished place for its remarkable instinct and even intelligence, its forethought, industry, patience, and the extreme beauty and durability of its work.

Most of us have often felt the almost invisible yet sometimes shining gossamer threads stretched across the face as we have strolled along the garden walks, and have wondered, as the older folks have done, how a wingless insect could have spread them high across our path from bush to bush; but had we only known that the tiny spinner lays a rightful claim to the first of all our wingless aeronauts, and to devise a successful "flying machine," perhaps your surprise would even have been greater than before.

This little worker is scientific in her way. She watches the weather and the lightness or heaviness of the atmosphere, and waits for a sunny morning and favoring breeze.

One end of her cable she attaches to her starting point, and weaving a cobweb, like a fairy sail when it catches the wind, she seats herself within it, and launches off from the twig on which she had been waiting so wisely for her starting.

Blown by the wind expected, she sails away and away over the flower-beds and over the bushes, or over the waving grass, swayed up and down until she reaches some distant twig, and the newer and happier hunting-ground where she hopes to make her living.

Here she secures fast her cable, as she did at the opposite end, then back again she travels, not now in her fairy boat, but Blondin-like on a rope, spinning a second strand all the way as she goes to strengthen it, and securing this also at her former starting-place.

A third time she makes her transit, and so twines a threefold cord, whose strength for its size, you will admit, is quite surprising.

You are all aware that several tribes of spiders, vary from each other in size and appearance, and if you take into consideration all those of which we have read, or have seen ourselves, in different parts of the world, from the tiny "money-spider" to the comparatively gigantic and dangerous "tarantula," the varieties will be still more remarkable.

I cannot tell you whether the Singalese spider be larger than the species infesting the West Indian Islands and most southern latitudes, but where the forests abut upon the open country in Ceylon, the bridle-roads are often netted over with a web, raised at a height of from four to eight feet from the ground.

So strong are the cords spun by this creature, secured to the branches of shrubs or trees on either side, that should the traveler be absorbed in thought, and unobservant of the net spread in his way, he will find it sufficiently strong to hurt his face, and even to knock off his hat.

The nest, formed in the centre of the network, of which the rigging stands far and wide, becomes as large as a very big wasp's nest, for it continues gaining in size, as layer after layer is rolled one over the other, like so many sheets, until a huge ball is composed of successive spinnings.

The thickness and solidity of this nest is augmented by the wings and legs of the prey which the creature has caught, and escorted into the "pretty little parlor," familiar to you all in the syren song addressed to the fly.

There, in her fortress-like dwelling, this cunning spider keeps watch for the birds and in that sunny land these little winged tribes are various and beautiful in color and amidst the dull grayish-brown of the textile woven by their foe you may see the prismatic glitter of wings that vie with enamel or mother o' peral, decorating the meshes like inlaid work.

The song to which I have alluded seems to give you the idea that this industrious insect is a cruel kind of ogre; but this is unjust. Her instinct teaches her, like some other creatures—the human species included—that hunt, fish, and set traps, and work industriously for themselves and their young, to provide for her little household.

Her family lives in her nest with her; and she is not treacherous, but spreads her net in the sight of all that buzz about—idle and good-for-nothing—around her.

Possibly, you may not be aware that the threads of a spider's webs are drawn out from no less than 1,000 little holes in its body, and that each thread is composed of a union or twist of 4,000. Experiments have been made with a view to obtaining a silk tissue from the manufacture of the spider, as well as from that of the silk-worm.

Whether from their glutinous character they stuck together, or from any other cause, I do not know, but the threads destroyed each other, and the attempt proved a failure. Besides, it would require a dozen large spiders to produce as great a weight of web as a single silkworm, and the pound of silk spun by 2,300 of the latter, would not be procured from a less number than about 27,600 female spiders.

Mr. Henpeck (a very small man)—"What shall I shall get up on that chair for, Mirandy?" Mrs. Henpeck (very large, masculine)—"Get up on that chair, you insignificant little whiffet, so I can box your ears without having to stoop over. Get up on that chair! Do you hear?"

To the young face Poxzoni's Complexion Powder gives fresher charms, to the old renewed youth. Try it.

OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

VARIOUS indeed are the opinions held by the wide diversity of races regarding their beauties, though it is often difficult for people bred under another sky to share their enthusiasm.

The Circassian women, who have a sort of conventional reputation for loveliness are affirmed by those who know them best to be far from worthy of their celebrity.

Short legs, glaring red hair, faces so long and narrow that their heads seemed to have been squeezed between two boards, and flattened noses out of proportion to the rest of the features, and complexion of a dull lead-like hue, scarcely constitute beauty according to our standard.

The Moors and Tunisian Jews regard corpulence as absolutely essential to beauty, and the inmates of rich men's harems are stuffed with nutritious food, like Strasburg geese for the market.

The Chinese poets sing of deformed feet as "golden lilies," and the rocking of their women in attempting to walk as the "waving of a willow."

Other races have equally odd ideas of what constitutes loveliness, for they improve their persons by flattening their foreheads, tattooing their skins, cutting off their fingers, filing their teeth, or dying them black, blue or tartan, painting their bodies, slitting their ears, compressing their waists, putting stones, bone, or metal through their lips, cheeks or ears, and in a dozen other ways trying to enhance the poor 'prentice work of nature.'

A Felatah lady dyes her hands and feet with hennah, stains her teeth alternately blue, yellow, and purple, one here and there being left of its natural color, pencils her eyelids with sulphuret of antimony, and dies her locks with indigo.

The Hydah woman inserts a plug of wood or ivory through her lower lip until it presents the hideous appearance of a fleshy shelf over her chin. A Chinese or Siamese lady cultivates long nails. A Hottentot belle cannot get her nose flat enough or a Persian beauty hers high enough.

On the north-west coast of America no reproach is more bitter than for one Indian girl to tell another that "Your mother was too lazy to flatten your head."

Tattooing is almost universal among half civilized or savage races; in New Zealand the Maori women, before they began to imbibe European prejudices, even tattooed their lips, lest they should have the reproach of being red. Some races slit their ears until they hang in loops on their shoulders. Others insert huge rings and other ornaments through the cartilage of their noses.

The Louisiade Islands regard the lid of a sardine box as a particularly neat piece of jewelry; and even European women have not yet ceased to suspend bits of stone and metal through the lobes of their ears.

There is, in truth, no possibility of arriving at any standard of beauty the "points" of which would not do injustice to some of competitors. Even among the whites there are various ideas of what constitutes good looks. Like manners and morals, beauty is very much a matter of sky.

Just as an Indian told a traveller what a comfort his son was to him because, "he could steal more horses than any boy of his age," so a Western frontiersman assured a visitor that his daughter was the "finest girl" in the settlement, for she could "heft a barrel of pork, and lick her weight in wild cats."

MAKING RAIN.—A California doctor claims to have invented a means of producing rains at pleasure. His theory is that vapor, as it ascends, receives heat from the solar rays, which also impels it upward until restricted by the cold. The vesicles, or dewdrops, being crowded together, become electrified and float on the air at an altitude of from three thousand to five thousand feet, and all that is required then to produce rain is to intercept these vesicles by artificial means.

His invention is said to be in the form of a condenser of peculiar shape and construction connected with the earth by an electric cable. Whenever the vesicles come in contact with the condenser or current, they are broken up, and the water forced to the earth with great rapidity.

The rain will be produced by the same law that causes condensation on a window pane. The surface of the glass is covered with microscopic points, and on becoming chilled, the layer of air next it falls, allowing the vapor to flow on to the points, and thence to the ground. A condenser of about two hundred feet in diameter will bring down something like twenty-five million gallons a day, or as much as would irrigate almost half the State. The volume of water can be preserved or formed into rivers whichever may be desired.

The Empress of Japan, so anxious to introduce Western fashions into the Empire, affects the most dainty colored pocket-handkerchiefs. They are made of pale yellow gauze or muslin embroidered with the national flower, chrysanthemums, of every hue. According to the Parisian fashion rules, the favorite flower of the owner should always decorate her handkerchief. Widows should only use lilac muslin ornamented with dark blue scabious blossoms—the emblem of a mourning bride.

THERE is no joy like the joy of resolved virtue.

History furnishes no parallel to the popularity of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents.

Johnny has stumped his toe; poor fellow! Quick—buy a bottle of Salvation Oil.

WALL-PAPER.—Wall-papers did not come into common use in Europe until the eighteenth century; but stamped papers for the purpose appear to have been made in Spain and Holland abut 1555. The first allusion to wall-papers known to exist is in the examination of a printer, of Delft, who was accused in 1568 of printing books inimical to the faith.

Being interrogated as to certain ballads, he said they had been printed by his servant in his absence, and that when he came home and found they were not delivered, he refused to deliver them, and threw them into a corner, intending to print roses and stripes on the back to paper attics with.

Paper-hangings of a sort, it is true, were in use in England and some parts of the Continent long before the time of William of Orange; but they usually consisted merely of maps of the world, as it was known then, with fantastic borders of Indians, negroes and elephants, and other "natives" of far-off regions. It was on the walls of the drawing-room at Kensington Palace that these new hangings were first seen in Europe.

MRS. SNELL, who lives at West Medway, Mass., was found Tuesday in a starving condition, surrounded by a flock of hens and twenty-five cats. She had locked herself in the house, and when an entrance was forced by a neighbor she showed fight. There was no food in the house, but there was plenty of fuel, with which she could have cooked a fowl. Mrs. Snell had a mania for cats, and each of the twenty-five answered to a name. She had trained the animals to fall in line and come forward to receive rations as their names were called.

A HUNDRED YEARS A HERO!

How Seth Warner Won A Wife and Became Famous.

Colonel Seth Warner, of Vermont, the famous hero of the Revolutionary war, was a leading fighter for the Hampshire grants.

These titles were disputed by the State of New York, an its authorities obtained an edict of the King of England in their favor. The settlers were stung by the supposed injustice. This state of things brought Colonel Seth Warner to the front. With Ethan Allen and others he actively opposed every effort of the New York state authorities to enforce possession, and finally he, with Allen and others, were outlawed and a price put on their heads!

To circumvent New York, it was necessary that some one should go into that state and gain required information. Col. Warner, assuming for safety the name of "Dr. Howard," undertook this perilous and romantic journey.

While on his way home he stopped at a country inn, where an old gentleman and daughter were storm-bound. The father fell ill and the daughter called upon Col. Warner, who with his wide knowledge of simple remedies, successfully treated the "old man," and he finally won this devoted woman for a wife.

Such incidents were not uncommon in those years. When the doctor was not easily reached, months of sickness, and even life were often saved by some unprofessional friend versed in the use of simple herbs and roots. The health of early settlers and their powers of endurance convince us that such medicines did only good and left no poison in the blood to work as much injury to the system as would the disease itself.

In time of peace the colonel was in constant demand for his knowledge of simple remedies and their power over disease. But it was left to another of his name of the present age to give to the public what was then used with such positive success.

Warner for over a hundred years has shared with Ethan Allen the admiration of the American people.

Colonel Seth Warner belongs to a family of wide distinction; no less than eight members thereof won fame in the regular practice of medicine.

Looking to the adoption by the people of this generation of the old time simple remedies, his direct descendant, H. H. Warner, the well-known proprietor of Warner's safe cure, for many years has been experimenting with old time roots and herbs formulæ and, his search having been finally rewarded with success, he gives the world the result. These recipes and formulæ in other days accomplished great things because they were purely vegetable and combined simply so as to cure the disease indicated, without injury to the system. In harmony with their old time character, we learn that he proposes to call them Warner's Log Cabin remedies, using as a trademark an old-fashioned American log cabin. We understand that he intends to put forth a "sarsaparilla," for the blood, the sarsaparilla itself being but one of a number of simple and effective elements; "Log Cabin hops and buchu," a general stomach tonic and invigorator; "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Warner's Log Cabin hair tonic;" a preparation for that universal disease catarrh, called "Log Cabin rose cream;" "Warner's Log Cabin plasters;" and "Warner's Log Cabin liver pills," which are to be used in connection with the other remedies, or independently as required.

Warner's safe remedies are already standards of the most pronounced scientific value in all parts of the world, and we have no doubt the Log Cabin remedies, for the diseases they are intended to cure, will be of equal merit, for Mr. Warner has the reputation of connecting his name with no preparation that is not meritorious.

Humorous.

THEY DON'T AGREE.

FOR THIS IS WHAT HE THINKS OF HER:

She's lovely! Her eyes are as blue as
The dear little flower that shone
In the grass at the end of summer—
What its name is I never have known;
And her hair's quite unique in this age of
The fluffy, with curls bright and crisp;
And her voice—why, it's delicious
To hear her sweet infantile lisp;
And her blush is divine; and her smile is
So artless, that really she seems
To me like the angelic maidens
That sometimes we meet in our dreams.

AND THIS IS WHAT HIS SISTER THINKS.

I declare, I can see nothing in her
Short ringlets, like coils of red wire,
Or the smile she's eternally wearing,
Or her baby blue eyes, to admire;
And her lisp, how absurdly it strikes me
'Twould be useless to try to express,
But if I in that way were afflicted
I'd shun every word with an "s";
And, in spite of her innocent blushes
And dimples, she can't deceive me,
For I know her to be just as artful
As any young woman could be.

A tea party—The Chinese.

Old as the hills—The valleys.

The best thing out—A big fire.

Done with the pen—A dead hog.

Hop merchants—Dancing masters.

The cap of liberty—A widow's cap.

Cold steal—Hooking a lump of ice.

Very stale bread—The crust of the earth.

A board bill—The carpenter's statement.

A small country seat—A milking stool.

The hard way of the world—The railway.

One of the last sad rites—Writing one's will.

Hard thing to sharpen—The water's edge.

A last farewell—A shoemaker giving up business.

When has a man four hands?—When he doubles his fists.

Although not talkative at all, the oyster is a very pleasant companion for dinner.

A neighbor had so natural a picture of a hen that it laid in his drawer for a week.

The people who bet on elections do wrong, but the man who never bets is no better.

Anybody can catch a cold now. The trouble is to let it go again, like the man who caught the bear.

There is room for everybody in this big world. Friction comes from the fact that too many want the front room.

There's one great objection to being a Russian. You can't call a man any harder name than he has already.

"I've often heard men say," said an old lady, "that they'd been struck with an idea, but I never could see where it hit 'em."

A suburban poet has discovered that the order of sequence in courtship is first to get on good terms with the girl; second, with the dog, and third, with the parents.

You cannot smell when you have a cold in your head, but you can always wear eye-glasses on your nose. Consequently, noses must be intended to support eye-glasses.

When a lawyer asks a witness if he is sure he is telling the truth, he confidently expects the man to promptly reply: "No, sir: I am committing perjury." If he did not expect it, he would not ask such a silly question.

"What do you want me to bring you from the city, Johnny?" inquired a fond father of his 5-year-old. "Bring me a wally-horse, papa," he replied, "and a pop-gun, and a train of cars, and a bank, and—and anything else you can lay your hands on."

He was inquiring of a farmer about cider, and finally asked: "If I pay you 8 cents a gallon will you put just as much water in it as if I had only paid you 5?" "I suppose so," was the reply; "the temptation would be there, and the water would be there, and I have a hired man who never gives anything away."

"Be my wife," he implored, "be my adored one. See! I have had my life insured for $10,000 in your favor," and he flourished the policy in the air. She pondered a moment, and then, raising her large and lustrous orbs to his, she said: "Before I give you an answer, I would like to know the exact state of your health."

Visitor, to convict: "Why, what brought you here, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus: "'Cessive hospitality, sah." Visitor. "Excessive hospitality?" Uncle Rastus: "Yes, sah. Yer see, sah, I invited the minister to a Sunday dinner, an' when I got home late Saturday night de ole 'ooman 'fo'med me dat dar warn't a chicken in de coop an' de sto's was all clos'd."

WARNER'S Log Cabin Remedies—old-fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise a "Sarsaparilla," "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic," "Extract" for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

SELF-RELIANCE.—The arguments and discussions, outside of real experience and actual facts, have nothing whatever to do with the enterprise and progress of mankind.

The imagination is able to picture and establish a belief in one's own mind. Also by the use of elaborate expressions, in addressing an audience ever ignorant of their meaning, the most astonishing events are related and believed. It is common experience that to travel successfully in the dark, one should feel his way either with the hand or a stick, which, coming in contact with some tangible fact, would guide the way.

The fact that confidence is oftener betrayed by those expressing the greatest friendship for each other, is the reason why a man is more successful who relies upon his own judgment rather plunging headlong into whatever scheme is presented; for whenever a person insists upon giving advice in matters outside of human experience, such always have a hidden motive.

Therefore, to be sure in matters of importance, one must feel his way by his own reason and judgment, for self-dependence is the only safe rule to rely upon.

THE telephone was put to a novel use in Toronto. A citizen who had been summoned to appear at the police court for breach of a by-law, finding that he would be unable to appear in person, telephoned the fact to headquarters, admitting his guilt, and was fined $1 and costs through the same medium.

"HALLO, Jones, how are you, old fellow? By the way, I must congratulate you. I see in the paper you've got another son!" "No, that's my younger brother who is the happy father!" "Is that so? Well, I must congratulate you all the more!"

OLD BOY.—Thomas, if my wife asks you where I am tell her that I have gone to the opera. Servant—certainly, sir, certainly; but where are you really going in case anybody else should want to know?

THE SAVAGE WAY.

How the Indian Treats an Injury—Old Time Methods.

The savage is emphatically the child of nature. He lives close to nature, his only education is gained in nature's school.

When the Indian receives an injury, he does not seek a cure in mineral poisons, but binds on the simple leaf, administers the herbal tea, and with nature's aid, comes natural recovery.

Our rugged ancestors, who pierced the wilderness, built their uncouth but comfortable Log Cabins and started the clearings in the woods, which in time became the broad, fertile fields of the modern farmer, found in roots and herbs that lay close at hand nature's potent remedies for all their common ailments. It was only in very serious cases they sent for old "saddle-bags" with his physic, which quite as often killed as cured.

Latter day society has wandered too far away from nature, in every way, for its own good. Our grandfathers and grandmothers lived wholesomer, purer, better, healthier, more natural lives than we do. Their minds were not filled with noxious isms, nor their bodies saturated with poisonous drugs.

Is it not time to make a change, to return to the simple vegetable preparations of our grandmothers, which contained the power and potency of nature as remedial agents, and in all the ordinary ailments were efficacious, at least harmless?

The proprietors of Warner's Log Cabin remedies have thought so, and have put on the market a number of these pure vegetable preparations, made from formulas secured after patient searching into the annals of the past, so that those who want them need not be without them.

Among these Log Cabin remedies will be found "Log Cabin sarsaparilla," for the blood; "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," a tonic and stomach remedy; "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hair tonic," for strengthening and renewing the hair; "Log Cabin extract," for both external and internal application; "Log Cabin liver pills;" "Log Cabin rose cream," an old but effective remedy for catarrh, and "Log Cabin plasters." All these remedies are carefully prepared from recipes which were found, after long investigation, to have been those most successfully used by our grandmothers of "ye olden time." They are the simple, vegetable, efficacious remedies of Log Cabin days.

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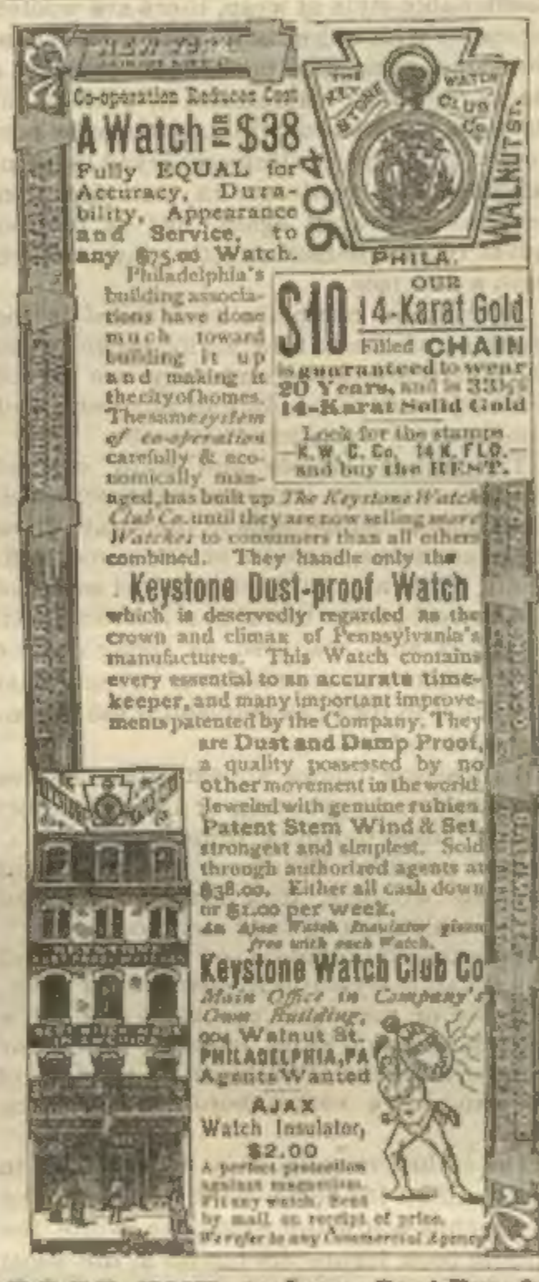
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For her special fitness for the duties of this office, Mrs. De Sanssure receives the most emphatic endorsement of the Institute.

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Mrs. De Sanssure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Sanssure cites, by permission, the following

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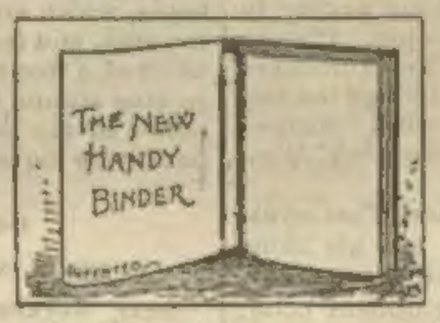

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Soft makes of cloth, more or less light, are what are likely to be most in wear—varieties of habit cloths which have been brought out in a beautiful range of colorings, and have undergone a great many changes.

For the present there is a pretty cloth in white and colors intermixed, which has a serge-like ground and diagonal woven stripes that can be had in blue and brown, and is almost everlasting wear. This is so soft that it drapes excellently well, and the colors are light.

Navy-blue is to be the color of the winter and autumn, if the present prognostications are realized; but there are some new and good blues, white, red, reseda, as well as myrtle and other greens.

Foule cloths in peacock and red are being made up into most stylish gowns, and form a good background for the gold and silver embroideries now much worn.

The leading ideas are the Amazone and habit cloths. I have just been examining the card of colors in "lainage," and am astonished at the variety. There are eight tones of gray from the silver shade to blue; eight veritable blues from sky to royal blue; at least sixteen greens, including myrtles, mousse, and the delicate eau-de-nils.

We have all the tender shades of willow, the larch, and the deep green of the yew. The reds combine terra-cotta, cardinal and coral; the prunes are likely to find special favor, and are deeper and duller than of yore.

There are some beautiful peach shades, and the browns are legion; beaver and reseda are now in favor.

Chuddah is quite a new cloth, though its name can hardly claim novelty among its virtues; it is more costly than Amazone and wears better, not being liable to split; for it goes through a process of damping which prevents this. Burmah is nearly allied to Vigogne, which is always worn.

Nothing, however, really comes up to Lady's cloth, and some of the prettiest Directoire coats this year have been made in gray and white, and deep mousse habit cloths, and are exactly suited to the present season. All over the country at this moment the buyers from the provinces are investing in this material, so that there is no doubt but that it will be worn.

Happily we are introducing a little more brightening into coloring, and waistcoats of the soldier's uniform tint of red are new and likely to be worn. Some white cloth gowns, with these red finishings are just completed by the best known of our tailors for two pretty sisters.

Fancy weaving has found its way into these habit cloths hitherto distinguished by the plain smooth surface, and the patterns are quaint curios, taking the form of irregular zigzags, as though lightning had played upon them.

Amazone has also been made for the first time in two mixed tones like the so-called pepper and salt mixture, not, however, at all confined to black and white, for light and dark blue are blended, and red with gray, blue with red and so on. These would make most serviceable and at the same time most stylish dresses.

Plaids have shown evidence of so much originality that they must take their place among the leading fashions, but they are fancy plaids, and would be recognized by no clan.

The colors as well as the form of plaids are curios; green, red and blue appear in one, green and yellow in another. Checks run through stripes with knickerbocker flecks on shaded stripes, as though the fancy of the designer had run wild. Striped tweeds show herring-bone weaving, divided by solid stripes.

What a curious thing is fame. That astute statesman Prince Bismarck has his name given to a cloth with a mixed ground, having three cord stripes in a dominant color; blue blends with brown, red with blue, green with red, and these are made up alone.

Brocade always give substance to woolen goods, and this year it appears in black on a colored stripe dividing other stripes, and some are woven to resemble braiding. Plaids are often combined also with colored brocades.

In choosing any of these woolens they should be matched in the new taffetas for the foundation. It is far better than either alpaca or Russel cord, is 36 inches wide, and it is made also in mixed colors for the tweeds.

The more dressy and costly autumn materials have woolen grounds with silk ribbon stripes, having a positive edge or wider and more important stripes, which serve for panels. They are as expensive as the best silks, but only a small quantity is required to emphasise the woolen.

Sometimes this silk is a mixture of stripes and checks, and, in lieu of stripes or checks, some show silk cashmerienne patterns. There is an infinite variety in this range of material, and all are handsome.

Another new thing is the dress pieces with the pattern going round the skirt quite half a yard deep, which appear to be worked in a cross stitch in black silk, on either red, brown, blue or green.

For the comfortable jacket which everyone wears, some new clothes have been introduced with velvet pile, also beaver cloths, soft to the touch, handsome and important looking.

For the long cloaks which are the most fashionable style of wrap, there are woolen brocades with either large bold flora or conventional geometric patterns thrown on a darker ground. Matelassees in quite novel designs, the ideas of which seem to be borrowed from the quilting employed in counterpanes and petticoats in the Georgian era, have come out again, but as fashion never repeats herself exactly, they return with a new face.

No one can complain that there is too much sameness in new stuffs, for in truth the choice is endless, and they are suited not only to all tastes, but all purposes and almost every variation of climate.

The mixed stripes and solid colored grounds make up well, and light stripes on dark tones. Sometimes in the same dress there are three varieties of the same stuff; plaid, plain and striped, and on some of the newest plaids there is a woven motif detached and scattered as though some hugh beetle had crawled over it, somewhat indistinct in form, as you would see the insect in the gloaming.

Contrasting colors appear like flames jerked over the grounds, or in broken, irregular lines, forming indistinct and extended checks. Whatever the merits of the new woolens, they cannot be found fault with on the score of monotony.

A pretty combination of cashmere and silk for an early autumn costume of gray, or green or rosewood cashmere and faille has a foundation skirt, covered down the front with pleats of faille, and a pleating of the same or a velvet border around the foot.

The cashmere waist is a square coat in front and on the sides, falling only four or five inches below the waist line, while the middle back forms are cut off at the waist line.

The front is turned back at the top with silk or velvet revers to show a pleated or puffed plastron of white or rose colored China crape; the high collar has shirred crape in its front, and similar shirring is inside the sleeves where they are turned back from the wrist and faced triangularly with velvet or faille. The drapery is three widths of cashmere as long as the lower skirt, shirred closely around the top six or seven inches deep, and opened down the front to show the pleated silk petticoat its entire length. Revers of silk or velvet may be turned back down each side of the front of the cashmere. The drapery is carelessly caught up in a deep fold below each hip, but hangs straight behind and in front.

The new toques are very long oval crowns without brims, pointed low on the back hair and very fully trimmed in front. This simple shape promises to find favor, as it is a compromise between a bonnet and a round hat. French milliners add strings of velvet ribbon to the pointed back of the toque, which are to be tied loosely below the chin, and these give very decidedly the effect of a bonnet. Long folds of velvet passing around the oval frame and softly puffed in the middle of the crown make handsome toques.

Odds and Ends.

NOVEL NOTIONS FOR FAIRS.

Busy workers for fancy fairs both in town and country are ever on the look out for something new and attractive. For their benefit, therefore, I will endeavor to describe a few novelties I have recently met with, most of which are inexpensive to make, and have proved the most successful.

Large butterflies in two shades of soft silk are quickly and easily manufactured in the following manner. Take two small silk squares of contrasting shades, say crimson and yellow, cut them through the centre, and neatly join a yellow half to a crimson one, so as to reform the square which makes the wings. The body is merely a common wooden clothes peg (those with a little round head must be chosen) painted or enamelled dark brown, when quite dry, further ornamented with rings and dashes of yellow.

Long, slender feelers of fine wire add much to the appearance, and are easily secured to the head by a tiny brass tack. The wings must be gathered tightly up the centre, and are simply passed through the slit in the peg as far as possible.

They will remain in place quite securely, but in order to prevent them from hanging limp fine bonnet wire should be inserted along the edge of the upper wings. A hook or pin can be fastened to the back of the body.

These butterflies are used for looping up curtains and draperies on flower pots, and in fact anywhere about a room where a touch of bright color is needed. These brilliant insects hung here and there about a stall look effective, and find a ready sale.

Olive-green and salmon-pink, primrose and old-gold, terra-cotta and turquoise, and brown and orange are good combinations of color.

Enamelled articles still hold their own and the latest idea is to decorate the plain wooden soap boxes used in kitchens, I mean those about 16 inches long, with two shelves and a box at the bottom.

One I have seen is enamelled coral-pink, and has trails of white marguerites painted on the sides of the box, which holds a tin containing a growing fern, the flowers are continued on the spaces between the shelves, on which stands tiny bits of art pottery. Pink and cream ribbons are passed through the hole to hang it up by.

Capital paper knives can be made of the long wooden butter pats, not the ribbed kind, these are enamelled different colors, and have bold designs painted one side, such as a pierrot harlequin, columbine or masher, and are finished off with a bow of soft silk on the handle; these make suitable presents for a gentleman, and at a recent bazar were all quickly disposed of, so also were a quantity of long wooden spoons; enamelled, tied with ribbons, and painted in the same style.

A great favorite had Mephistopheles in the centre, attired in a flame-colored suit, and surrounded by the words, "Who suppes with ye—sholde have a long spoone," in old characters.

For a flower stall the quaint little round baskets, used for sending honey pots by rail, are new and pretty filled with moss and flowers, or holding a tiny fern. They are strongly made, and have a long loop handle with a little ring on it; and these fully repay the trouble of decorating.

Some have ribbons of two shades interlaced through the bars and tied in bows at the sides, others are merely lined with some bright color, with a bow to match on the handle, but perhaps the prettiest are those enamelled white and tied with yellow ribbons.

I have also seen a novel curtain of sea-green satin, which has large fish appliqued on it; these are made of gold and silver gauze over red and gray silk respectively, some have velvet heads and beaded eyes, and all have scales worked in silk.

Over this sea-green foundation, two nets of fine string are artistically draped, one dark brown the other of a reddish tone; these hang from a thick silk cord fastened to each end of the curtain rod, carried right across, down each side, threaded through the nets, knotted at intervals. The nets are wide and are caught up into graceful folds, and leaving the foundation exposed in places.

Imprisoned in the meshes are various spoils of the deep, pink and gray plush starfish, delicately tinted anemones fringed with silk, crabs and fish of several kinds; bunches of many colored sea-weeds, made of narrow ribbons are caught here and there; a quantity of glass drops are fastened on the net to heighten the effect (these drops and the gauzes mentioned can be obtained from any theatrical warehouse).

This idea could be utilized in many ways for smaller pieces; it would make a pretty and cool looking decoration for a fire-grate in the hot weather, and these days, when such realistic Japanese crabs, fish, and lobsters are to be bought almost everywhere, the labor would be considerably lightened.

The new date palm fans painted with Moorish designs in Indian red, dull blue and gold, look quaint and oriental.

The elopement of a North Bergen wife with an employe of her husband's had an extraordinary outcome. The pair were arrested upon a warrant sworn out by the husband, and in Court the wife handed over $900 which she abstracted from her husband's safe immediately before fleeing, whereupon the husband offered to sell her to her new admirer for $50. The money was paid, and the couple departed, taking a train for this State.

Confidential Correspondents.

RUBBER.—Rubber can be dissolved in warm turpentine, or ether free from alcohol.

M. S. M—The process of extracting oil from rose leaves is too lengthy to give in these columns.

H. E.—Massage consists in a series of rubbings and tappings of muscles and joints. When it is done under skilled medical supervision it may do some good.

G. L.—A mother has no legal power over her children during the father's lifetime, except in cases of misconduct on the father's part, when she may obtain an order for the custody of them.

W. R.—A person cannot "turn author" as he can turn anything else; we would advise you to adopt another occupation, because judging from your letter we cannot hold out to you much hope in a literary sphere.

E. P. L.—"Ayesha" is pronounced in three syllables, with the accent on the "e." It is the name of Mahomet's second and favorite wife, whom he married when she was only nine years old, and in whose arms he died.

A. W.—Lemons are very well in their way, but may be taken to excess, like everything else. An excess of lemon juice has a detrimental effect upon the teeth by reason of the undue preponderance of citric acid, which is injurious to them.

L. G.—You can remove the grease spots from your marble timepiece by covering it with strong soap-lees mixed with quicklime, which should be allowed to remain for twenty-four hours. Clean the marble afterwards by rubbing it with fine putty powder and olive oil.

SANS ESPOIR.—You must try and fight against the feelings of depression that come over you. It is probably with you more a question of a mental than a bodily ailment: you should go in for active bodily exercise, and get as much change in the way of social relaxation as you can.

NEMO.—This correspondent says he is deeply in love with a girl whom he has only seen and never spoken to, and asks our advice as to whether he should speak to her. We should say wait until he finds some one who knows her and could introduce him, for hastily formed acquaintances are not always desirable.

DIFFERENCE.—It requires eighteen times the exertion to go upstairs that is necessary for the same distance on a level. People should therefore go upstairs slowly. Like walking up a hill, going upstairs is hard work, and sometimes risky for those with weak lungs, defective respiratory organs, or heart disease.

RICARDO.—The Golden Hoard is the Nibelungen Hoard, a mass of gold and precious stones which, according to Scandinavian mythology, was obtained by Siegfried from the Nibelungs, who dwelt in Norway. Siegfried gave it to his wife, Kriemhild, as her marriage portion. After his death his widow removed to Worms, where it was seized by Hagan and buried secretly beneath the Rhine.

MAYOR.—There is no such officer as a Mayor in Washington. The government of the District of Columbia (which includes the city of Washington) is in charge of three commissioners, one of whom must be a practical engineer. All are appointed by the President. There are subordinate officials, assessors, collectors, surveyors, attorneys, coroners and inspectors. There is also a district police and fire department.

ENSIGN.—The origin of the custom of hoisting a flag half-mast high is as old as the use of banners themselves. It was natural that a victor's flag should be raised as high as possible in exultation at the victory over a foe. As a sign of submission or defeat, the vanquished one lowered his ensign and trailed it behind him. In contradistinction to either of the above, the flag was placed half-mast high to show sorrow for a leader.

REX.—He was right. Gold-beaters, by hammering, can reduce gold so thin that two hundred and eight-two thousand must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch. They are so thin that, if formed into a book, one thousand two hundred would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper; and an octavo volume of an inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked library of fifteen hundred volumes with four hundred pages in each.

CURIOUS.—The handles of walking sticks are curled by means of heat. The cane is firmly fixed in a clamp or vice, and from a gaspipe a continuous flame of fire is kept on the part to be bent. When the wood has become sufficiently heated, the cane is pulled gradually round until the hook is formed. To keep the hook in the stick, the bend is tied with string, and more heat is applied by baking it. Those parts of the stick which have naturally become charred by the gas are rubbed down as much as possible, and smoothed before polishing.

STUDENT.—There is some obscurity with reference to the year when watches were invented. But Robert Bruce (about 1310) had one, so it is said. A watch bearing the date 1541 was preserved in Sir Ashton Lever's museum. They made their first appearance at Nuremberg, and were called "Nuremberg eggs," and were attributed to one Peter Hale, a German mechanic, A.D. 1477. It is recorded that some of the ancient watches struck the hours, and thus the thieves who stole those of Charles V. and Louis XI. were ignominiously betrayed by the striking of their ill-gotten treasures while in their pockets!

L. P. Y.—The term "Fourth Estate"—meaning the Press—originated with the English writer, Carlyle, who uses the term in his "French Revolution" as applicable to that clever school of literature of which Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Rousseau stand out so pre-eminently, and which helped so successfully to make the Revolution of 1789. The First, Second and Third Estates were compromised in the National Assembly respectively—(1st), the Commons; (2nd), the Nobles; and (3d), the Clergy. The various editors and their staffs, by their clever writings, were an important factor in the Revolution; and it was mainly through their medium that the wrongs of the people were ventilated; and in the immediate years both preceding and following 1789 they became a great power in the country. Carlyle, acknowledging this fact, termed them the "Fourth Estate."